

The Nation.

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* * * As letters still continue to reach us addressed to Mr. Joseph H. Richards, Publisher, attention is called to the fact that Mr. Richards is no longer connected with THE NATION, but, as will be seen from his advertisement in the present issue, is engaged in the banking business at 11 Wall Street.

E. L. GODKIN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 130 NASSAU STREET, N. Y.

The Week.

THERE is something almost alarming about the silence which has reigned at Washington ever since the elections. The country has not heard from either the President or Mr. Seward for some weeks, and some people do not well know what to make of it. We are inclined to believe, however, that the explanation is that the effect of the late vote at the North on Mr. Johnson has been "chastening," and that he is now in the condition which moralists call a "subdued frame of mind." There were decided indications of this in his late thanksgiving proclamation, which read very like a "pastoral," only the English was hardly good enough, and had in it a little tincture of Congressional pathos, such as members serve out when they make "obituary remarks" on the death of a colleague. We observe, too, that he has been attending the meeting of the Roman Catholic Council at Baltimore, which is also a good sign, and will probably touch the Fenians.

THE arraignment of the Baltimore Police Commissioners before Governor Swann has caused a dangerous excitement in that city. The loyal men of Baltimore have had a bitter though brief experience of rebel rule, and their indignation at the prospect of its return is not to be wondered at. The whole result of the Maryland election depends upon the action of the governor in this case, if submitted to by the commissioners. Still, the question must be judged upon legal grounds, without regard to political consequences. Thus judged, our impression is that the governor has power to remove the commissioners, if the statute is constitutional in giving him his power; but it is equally clear that he has no right to use force to eject them if they refuse to surrender their places. The remedy of the new commissioners must be by a *quo warranto*, and until the decision of the proper court upon such an application, the old commissioners may lawfully use all needful force to resist any attempt to displace them or the judges of election appointed by them.

BOSTON papers bring us accounts of a scene in the District Convention at Malden, Massachusetts, which has something more than mere local or temporary interest. The ostensible motive of calling the con-

vention was to nominate the nominators of a member of Congress; but it would appear to have been called merely to ratify a nomination already made by certain persons whom we must presume to be qualified in some mysterious way by nature for the performance of that function. It seems to have been taken for granted that Mr. Nathaniel P. Banks was to be the nominee, and that all questions as to his fitness for the place were to be voted down as indecorous if not immoral. But one of the delegates, a Mr. Copeland, was unable to take this view of the matter. He appears to have thought that the character of the proposed candidate was a matter of some consequence, and one which devolved a certain responsibility on those who should elect him. He accordingly rose, and in so many words charged Mr. Banks with habitual drunkenness, mentioned a particularly gross instance as having lately occurred at Portland, affirming it to be notorious, and demanded an investigation. Mr. Banks is sent for; after a dignified delay is brought into the hall, and received, of course, with "tumultuous cheers." Mr. Copeland reiterates his charge, and Mr. Banks in the most emphatic terms denies it. Mr. Copeland then asks that a committee of investigation be appointed. Mr. Banks, with a flourish of indignant "eloquence," appeals to the people to decide by their votes, without enquiry, as to the truth of what had happened a hundred-odd miles away—a stretch of construction as to popular infallibility as remarkable as some of his views of neutrality. Mr. Copeland then suggests referees to be appointed in the usual manner. Mr. Banks, with the conscious security of innocence, declines so degrading an ordeal. One of his partisans shouts to have "the majority settle it first," and then let the minority "do their talking." Of course, the question is finally settled by what is popularly known as the "hurrah-boys" method; a unanimous delegation of Banks men is chosen, and Mr. Banks goes to the electors with the added claim, if not of martyrdom, of having at least been brought within sight of the stake. The quality of Massachusetts representatives in Congress, though considerably affecting her own dignity and influence, may be thought no special business of ours. But a charge of this sort brought against a man who occupies the important place of chairman on the Committee of Foreign Relations is of national interest. This is not an affair to be settled by the voters of Mr. Banks's district. The natural course would have been for Mr. Banks to have demanded an investigation; but since he refuses even to consent to it when offered, we hope Mr. Copeland will not let the matter rest. He deserves thanks for his courageous frankness, a quality only too rare in our primary meetings, but which we are glad to see on the increase, as it would save us from a great deal of blustering incompetence and wordy charlatanism in public life.

PEOPLE are talking about a new Fenian raid on Canada, and it is even said that some of the arms seized by the United States officers have been restored to the Fenian prisoners whom the President's clemency recently released from custody and punishment. The plea for this is that the men having been set free, it would be unfair to retain any of their private property! Why shouldn't they be paid for the time they lost in jail and granted mileage for their trips into the Provinces? Stephens, we see, has been speaking in St. Louis, and reiterated his assertion that before New Year's there would be fighting in Ireland, and that Ireland, if he was asked to give his opinion candidly, was a full match for England. The Chief Organizer has apparently abdicated the leadership of the hosts of the I. R.; or is the new Slievegammon to be the first instance in which the Atlantic telegraph cable is to be used as a means of communication between a general and his troops? The Tribune still occasionally disgraces itself by abusing Seward and Johnson for stopping the Fort Erie expedition and by fishing for the Irish vote.

WE are glad to find that we were in error in suggesting, as we did in our last number, that the disgust of the Germans of this city with the Excise law would exercise any perceptible influence on their votes. We are assured by those who know most of the opinions of the German population of New York that not three per cent. at the very outside of the German Republicans will be driven into the ranks of the Democratic party by the recent legislative interference with their Sunday amusements; and of these, of course, a considerable proportion are proprietors of lager-bier saloons. On the contrary, the probabilities are that all defections from this cause will be counterbalanced by the entrance into the arena, under the excitement of the present crisis, of many who usually abstain from political action. To all this we have nothing of our own to add, except to remind the Germans that all questions of internal reform—State, municipal, and other—are so overshadowed by the absorbing and gigantic issues of Federal politics that we, for our part, see no chance of careful and considerate legislation on local matters till we get the negro question settled for ever; and we need hardly say that no settlement can be permanent which rests on anything but justice.

JOHN MORRISSEY, the pugilist, and of late years a successful betting and gambling man, will probably be returned from this city to the Fortieth Congress. He is, we believe, "a gentleman of fine talents and dignified manners," and has, perhaps, as large diamonds as anybody of his size and weight in either hemisphere. There are throughout the country, we believe, a good many simple people who will be shocked by his election; but these the Democratic managers propose to silence by an argument which to some minds is conclusive, viz., that a celebrated pugilist once sat in the British Parliament for a Yorkshire borough, and that George the Fourth and Charles James Fox played high. We, for our part, so far from being surprised that he should be returned to Congress, are greatly surprised that he has not been there for many years. There is nobody who knows of what manner of men the Democratic majority of this city is composed who must not feel astonished at the decency and moderation of its leaders. They might, with a little effort, send to Congress, if they pleased, the foulest pimp or vilest Jeremy Diddler who haunts our streets, and yet they don't.

A good many people, either owing to sorrowful experience or to dark views of human nature, are unable to conceive of a journalist's assailing a public man under the influence of any higher motive than personal hostility. The comments we have at various times found it necessary to make on General Banks's public acts have been in one or two instances ascribed to a feeling of this kind, and have called forth remonstrances from some of our subscribers. We beg leave to state that our personal relations with the general are of exactly the same nature as our personal relations with Count Bismarck, the Marquis de Moustier, his Majesty the ex-King of Hanover, and other personages of distinction. He has never done us any injury, and we bear him no private grudge any more than we do Marshal Benedek. But we confess that we think his conduct in many respects, both as a warrior and legislator, has been exceedingly ill-judged and mischievous, and we shall, until he alters his ways, do our small part towards inducing the public to think with us. We say all this without for one moment forgetting the good work he did before the war. That entitles him, no doubt, to a proper amount of gratitude and respect; but it does not entitle him to a general indulgence for all sins, mortal and venial, that he may choose to commit during the remainder of his public life.

THE *Evening Post* has come out in favor of the abolition of the Government Post Office and the transfer of the letter-carrying business to express companies. We shall be in favor of this change also whenever we see a disposition in any quarter to make express companies amenable either to law or public opinion. They have recently, by wholesale consolidation, escaped from the checks usually imposed on money-making corporations by competition. Whenever a rival makes its appearance in the field, the whole weight of the capital and prestige of the old company is brought to bear on it, and it is speedily crushed. For

neglect or misconduct or incivility on the part of the great express companies and great railroad companies, poor men have now absolutely no remedy. To talk of the courts as an instrument of justice in such cases is a mockery, inasmuch as these companies keep lawyers on a yearly salary, to whom and to their employers it is a mere amusement to defend suits, while to a busy or poor plaintiff litigation is ruin. The State legislatures, Congress, the courts, and the municipal corporations are daily passing more and more under the influence of these gigantic monopolies. They promise, in our opinion, before very many years, to prove a greater curse to this country than any aristocracy now in existence to any country of the Old World, because they have "neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked." We now see, however, the great organ of free trade proposing that a fresh addition be made to their powers and privileges by handing over to them a monopoly of letter-carrying—a business which so nearly concerns the happiness of the community. It is a duty which cannot be safely entrusted to anybody but the Government. Governments discharge it in France and England with a punctuality, safety, economy, and fidelity such as no company has displayed or will ever display, here or elsewhere, in any branch of business; and if the public wills it, our Government can be made to do it just as well. Government is the only corporation over which the people have any effective control; and we warn them that, if they allow it to hand over its duties to private speculators, the result will simply be the reduction of the masses to still deeper and more degrading subjection to the Vanderbilts, Laws, and other capitalists of this class, who play very much the part in our day, *mutatis mutandis*, which the robber barons played in the Middle Ages.

MR. THEODORE DWIGHT was last week not exactly murdered by the New Jersey Railroad Company, but made a victim to the system which that corporation pursues in the matter of filling and starting its trains. The story told by Mr. Dwight's daughter of the manner in which her father received his injuries will be recognized by almost every one who reads it as being, except in the melancholy sequel, their own experience at almost every place where they looked for common civility at the hands of railroad and depot officials. Mr. Dwight and Mrs. Kennedy get to the station some time before the hour for departure, and try to find some one to ask for information. They wander up and down and at last find a lantern-man, who tells them they are to stand on the platform and wait till the cars come. They do so, and, when the cars are run in, go with the rush to find a seat. After great difficulty Mr. Dwight gets his daughter into a car, but before he gets in himself, or can get his daughter's children in, the car door is locked. The man in the car, being told by Mrs. Kennedy that she is separated from her baby, pays no heed; but at last some one who, perhaps, has his own private key with him runs to get off, and Mr. Dwight is thrown down and fatally injured. When Mrs. Kennedy hears a man say, "The old gentleman is killed—they are both dead," of course she wants to go back. A gentleman pulls the check-line and stops the train. This brings in an enraged conductor, who, being asked to run the train back, says, "D—n you, are you going to get off? Step quick, or I'll go on;" and the lady, with her baby in her arms, is set down beside the road to get to her father, or her father's body, as she best can. The whole affair, from first to last, was perfectly disgraceful. No warning at the starting of the train; passengers locked into cars, and the cars kept locked, so that, if they wished to get out, they cannot do so in time; the extreme of insolence on the part of conductors and other servants; nobody in the depot to answer a question. It is a glaring instance of the general rule on American railroads that a passenger is treated as a parcel of freight. His money is taken, and he may ride if he keeps himself quiet and gives not the least trouble. If he impudently asks a question, or in any way shows signs of being in the least independent, why, let every small official snub and insult him. We do not know a remedy. It might do some good to form a Railroad Company Prosecution Society. No private person can match his means against these great corporations and their ill-gotten gains.

REAR-ADmiral CHARLES H. BELL, in command at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, is evidently not the typical gallant tar who scorns all

indirection and bluntly speaks his mind. He has had a notice put up on the yard gates which is so contrived as to inform the workmen that the rear-admiral is a Johnson man: "Workmen in the Navy Yard," he says, "who sustain the Union and desire its full restoration must not for that reason be proscribed." "Sustain the Union and desire its full restoration," is a form of words that has been given up, we believe, to the exclusive use of Mr. Johnson, General Steedman, Mr. Doolittle, and their friends. Of course, it is possible that Rear-Admiral Bell may have issued his order with no other intention than to protect workmen of the Johnson faith from the persecutions of their Radical fellows. Of course, too, it is possible to recollect the Navy Yard at Philadelphia, and how men are to-day employed there by the hundred, "keeping the yard," and doing little else, at good wages, because they voted against Geary, and for Randall or Buckwalter. On the whole, though, we prefer the Philadelphia to the Brooklyn method.

THIS being a period of great dulness, "Our Washington Correspondent" is telegraphing all over the country that arrangements are being made at Washington for the assumption by us of an armed protectorate of Mexico as soon as the French withdraw, the consideration being the cession to us of Lower California and other territory. We have not, as our readers know, a very high opinion of the judgment of either Mr. Seward or Mr. Johnson; but then we rate both these gentlemen rather higher than "Our Washington Correspondent" does, and, in spite of the enormous sums which enterprising editors pay every day for his despatches, we are compelled to say that we think this story untrue, and that we shall probably settle our own affairs at home and "protect" our own population—a portion of which just now stands greatly in need of it—before we send men to save the Mexicans from their own folly or rascality.

It may just as well be understood that there is not a Southern State in which the Civil Rights bill is not set at defiance. In Louisiana, according to Sheridan's report, to try a white man for the murder of a negro would be a farce. Probably the acquittal of the murderer would be followed by the death of the prosecutor. In Georgia, even, General Tillson, an officer of whom Steedman spoke well, has been obliged to inform the people that since their courts fail to protect the freed people from outrage, he shall compel the enforcement of the laws by means of United States troops. In Mississippi, the governor avows his intention to execute the State laws, although they are in conflict with the laws of Congress, and in his State a glaring case of outrage has recently taken place, so that the N. Y. *Evening Post* calls on honest Republicans to make up a sum of money and carry the case into the United States courts. In South Carolina, a teacher of a negro school has just been driven out of Aiken, and compelled to take the next train to save his life. In Nashville, Tennessee, the negroes are collected into the work-house, on the pretence that they are vagrants, and then are hurried off further South, nominally with their own consent, to work on plantations. Southern papers scoff at the law, and Southern judges act in contravention of it; and we have yet to hear of the arrest of a single violator of its provisions. Let some one of the various freedmen's aid associations look up these cases and bring them in some way plainly before President Johnson, who some time since was good enough to say that so long as the bill was passed he would not refuse to execute it.

THERE is a complete dearth of foreign news of importance. The Cable announces that Spain proposes to assume the protectorate of the Pope after the withdrawal of the French from Rome. This has a very apocryphal sound. Spain is not able at this moment to keep the peace in her own capital without the exercise of military force in its most savage form, and the whole country has been for months in a state bordering on civil war. Then there is not the smallest probability that the Italians will permit her to go to Rome. French intervention was submitted to with a very ill grace; but Spanish intervention would be too much for Italian flesh and blood. Still, there seems to be a curse resting upon the whole Bourbon race, and there is no knowing by what act of outrageous folly the Spanish branch may hasten its overthrow.

THE FREEDMEN.

GEN. SHERIDAN's report of freedmen's affairs in Louisiana, for the quarter ending Sept. 30, 1866, gives a gloomy account of the cotton crop. The continued and heavy rains of August and September, together with the appearance of the army or cotton worm, have seriously affected not only the interests of the freed people, but of the entire population of the State. Many of the planters have had their entire crop destroyed, and, not being able to pay their employees, manifest a desire to rid themselves of the responsibility of maintaining them longer, and discharge them on the slightest pretext. Many of the freedmen who have been working for a share of the crops will not only be utterly destitute of the means of support for the winter, but will be in debt to the employer for supplies advanced during the summer:

"Complaints are frequent, from several of the parishes, that the freedmen, after having labored faithfully from the date of their contract, Jan. 1, '66, until the crop was made and ready to harvest, are being driven off, ostensibly on the ground of having been insolent. Reports of cruelty, especially in the north-western parishes, are frequent. Men go through the country at night disguised, and, taking the freedmen from their houses, whip and otherwise maltreat them. Homicides are frequent in some localities; sometimes they are investigated by a coroner's jury, which justifies the act and releases the perpetrator; in other instances, when the proof comes to the knowledge of an agent of the Bureau, the parties are held to bail in a nominal sum for appearance at the next term of court. But the trial of a white man for the killing of a freedman can, in the existing condition of society in this State, be nothing more or less than a farce."

Gen. Sheridan thinks that the issue of rations should be continued to the "wives and children of those men who entered the service of the U. S. after the capture of New Orleans, and who were either killed during the war or have died since." There are large numbers of these in the parishes bordering on the Red River.

"In all charitable appropriations by the parish authorities these persons are excluded, and if their necessities are not relieved by the Bureau or some other branch of the Government, they must starve."

The school department reports an increase of city schools, and the returns received from sales of crops will, perhaps, enable the agents in the parishes to increase the number of schools in the country.

"The location of homesteads by the freedmen is progressing favorably; but it is a question if they will be allowed to remain peacefully upon the lands selected for them."

"The contract system, as adopted by the Bureau in this State, experience has demonstrated to be well adapted to secure the interests of both planters and freedmen. In not a single instance, where contracts have been made in accordance with the mode prescribed by the Bureau, has a complaint been made by either party to the contract. The reason is obvious. Both parties understand the contract when explained by an agent of the Bureau, and both know that the influence of the Bureau will be thrown against the party violating it, while in those contracts in which the Bureau is ignored, a majority of the bargains are vague and ill-defined—meaning anything or nothing—many of them mere verbal agreements made without witness."

—At Aiken, South Carolina, Mr. A. M. Bigelow, teacher of a colored school, who had previously taught there, but on the present occasion had been only one day in town, was compelled by curses and threats to leave the place so suddenly that the troops could afford him no protection. Elsewhere in Barnwell, as in the neighboring district of Edgefield, beatings and shootings are of almost daily occurrence, and one might be pardoned for asking that the recent action of the Legislature should bear fruit outside of the State House before the freedmen are wholly relinquished by Government to the fostering care of the whites.

—Mr. Ogley, who, as mayor of Savannah, refused to obey the order of the common council shutting the colored people from the city park and in consequence resigned, has just been elected alderman by a handsome majority.

—An alleged case of ill-treatment of the teacher of a colored school in Canton, Mississippi, elicited a letter from the district-attorney to the governor, in which, after denying the fact, he adds: "As an instance of the fair operation of law, a white man was last week, in Kosciusko, convicted of manslaughter, upon a negro's testimony." The sentence, however, was not stated—one year's imprisonment!

—Continued support is prayed for in Alabama, in view of the very general failure of the crops. Oglethorpe County especially is ill-prepared for a rigorous winter. The relation between employers and employed as to the means and readiness to carry out their contracts is much the same as in Louisiana.

Notes.

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LITERARY.

SOME enterprising person has, ostensibly for the benefit of literature, started a literary exchange called "The American Bureau for Literary Reference." The establishment proposes to revise and criticise manuscripts, and procure their publication; to make estimates of literary works for authors, and print them; to procure lecturers, and find places in which lectures can be delivered; to purchase books, to find places for editors and writers, to get up the facts and statistics for articles and books, and furnish translations of papers and letters; in short, to be a general go-between for the writer and the printer. The enterprise is similar in nature to a "teachers' institute" or a servants' intelligence office, except that no references are given or required. We are inclined to think that its advantages are rather theoretical than practical. An office for translation is a very good thing; but such exist already in New York. The most useful part of the plan is the furnishing of criticism to authors. Were this to be honestly and intelligently carried out, and the writers wise enough to profit by it, the public might be saved from much trash that is now published. It is hardly to be supposed that publishers would accept, from an anonymous and irresponsible "bureau," works which they refuse to take from the authors themselves after examination. Even if the conductors were well-known writers and critics, how much reliance would be placed by a publisher on their opinion when publication was for their interest, as the fee depended on it? Still, if anybody prefers a mediator between himself and the press or the public, he has only to make use of the facilities the "bureau" affords him. Success will be the test of merit in this case.

—The fall lists of the English publishers are very large, and include many books of permanent value. In strong contrast are the meagre announcements of the American book trade. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. promise—"The Iliad of Homer, translated into accentuated English hexameters," by Sir John F. W. Herschel, Bart.; "Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts," collected by Patrick Kennedy; "The Poetical Works of John Milton," edited by Professor Masson, 2 vols., uniform with the Cambridge edition of Shakespeare, of which the ninth and concluding volume has just been published; "The Fountain of Youth," from the Danish of Frederick P. Muller, by H. W. Freeland. Messrs. Chapman & Hall announce for November Mr. Wornum's "Life of Holbein"; Mr. E. S. Dallas's "The Gay Science," as he calls the science of criticism; "Polynesian Reminiscences," by W. T. Pritchard. In Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.'s list are several Christmas and illustrated books—"Milton's Paradise Lost," with John Martin's engravings; "Life in the Pyrenees," by Henry Blackburn, with 100 illustrations by Gustave Doré (which are copied from the illustrated edition of Taine's "Voyage en les Pyrénées"); "Two Centuries of Song; or, Melodies, Madrigals, Sonnets, and other Occasional Verse of the English Poets of the last Two Hundred Years, with Critical and Biographical Notes," by Walter Thornbury; and "A Selection of Sonnets; with an Essay on Sonnets and Sonneteers," by the late Leigh Hunt, edited from the original MS. by S. Adams Lee; "A Concordance to Milton's Poetical Works," by Charles D. Cleveland; "The Mission of Great Sufferings," by Elihu Burritt; and the "Second Cruise of the Rob Roy Canoe." Messrs. Seeley, Jackson & Halliday announce "English Children as painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, an Essay on some of the Characteristics of Reynolds as a Painter, with especial reference to his Portraiture of Children," by F. G. Stephens, with fifteen photographs; "The South after the War, or Notes on the Track of General Sherman," by John H. Kennaway; "Christianity in New Zealand," by the Right Rev. W. Williams, Bishop of Waiapu. There are also in press new works by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, the author of "John Halifax," Miss Amelia B. Edwards, Miss Kavanagh, Mr. Hepworth Dixon, Mr. Mark Lemon, and the Rev. J. C. M. Bellew. Mrs. Emmeline Lott is also to publish another book, called "Nights in the Harem."

—In the *Athenaeum* for Oct. 6, Mr. Henry Stevens, a well-known American book agent in London, publishes a letter in which he takes

severely to task Mr. Henry Harrisse, on account of his "Bibliotheca Americana Vetusissima," of which we gave some notice in a recent number of *THE NATION*. The grounds for his letter are certain animadversions made upon him by Mr. Harrisse with reference to the destruction of some of Humboldt's papers. Mr. Stevens defends himself, and takes occasion to point out numerous errors in Mr. Harrisse's book in biography, history, chronology, syntax, and spelling. The most amusing of them is that by which "Ander Schiffahrt," "Another or Second Voyage," is tortured into the name of a person; for Mr. Harrisse gravely says: "There is no dedication to Ander Schiffahrt's 2d Voyage (Nuremb., 1602)." Mr. Stevens, however, acknowledges that the book has much merit.

—The "Fortnightly Review" for September 15 contains an interesting and noteworthy article by Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, on Alexis Vasilievitch Koltsof, a Russian popular poet, whose songs are well known throughout Russia, but unknown to most foreigners, except in a few translations by Bodenstedt. Koltsof was born in 1809, the son of a cattle-dealer. He lived a life of poverty and struggle, among rude and illiterate people, finding his only pleasure in reading and in the free air of the Steppes. He wrote poems whose merit got them published, and he was introduced to the literary society of Moscow and St. Petersburg, of which he might have been an ornament had not business necessities compelled him to give up all offers and stay in South Russia with his father. His health was poor, and an early disappointment in love had made him sad; so, after a brave fight with life, he died in 1842. Mr. Ralston gives three or four translations of short poems, which are fair specimens of his ordinary style.

—We are apt to consider the keeping of diaries as a very foolish practice, partly because it seems a waste of time to meditate on things that are in themselves of no importance, and partly because it is a breach of confidence to set down conversations of friends in a journal likely to be seen by others. But when the journal is kept for the sole use of the writer, with not the slightest thought of publication, it affords useful material to the historian as an index of the individual life of the period. In this way the diary of Pepys, perhaps the only one written with strict secrecy, is invaluable. The Duc de Saint Simon wrote an equally entertaining journal, because he never thought of keeping one until Louis XIV. told him he hoped he never would, and then he set down all that inner life that Louis wanted untold. In one of the thinly settled districts of Lancashire, with no court life to tell of, the Rev. Peter Walkden, a Nonconformist minister, chronicled the little events of Nonconformist farming life. Extracts from his diary for the years 1725, 1729, and 1730 have just been published, with notes by William Dobson. The glimpses we get of North Country life are very interesting, as showing the simple habits of the people, whether Dissenters or Church people. All were then much alike. Mr. Walkden exercised his office under the Toleration act, and his baptisms were regarded as valid, and the dissenting dead were buried in the churchyard by the rector of the parish. The good minister was much given to ale, and if his congregation were slow in coming to the chapel he would go back to the ale-house and sit with his pipe and his pint till the faithful had assembled in sufficient numbers. Even the additions to the church were celebrated at the ale-house, and we find the entry: "Ellen Dobson signified to me her desire to sit down with us at the Lord's table (on the following Sunday), having formerly sat down at Forton with Mr. Aray. I accepted her, and she and I and my love went into James Walmsley's and had each a pennyworth of ale." There are many curious samples of customs and spoken phrases. There a man's verbal will, properly witnessed, was as good as if drawn up with all legal formalities. We hear of the proceedings of the "window-peeper," as the officer to assess the window-tax was contemptuously called, and find "tailor's supper" used for a very frugal meal, and "to-year" for *this year*, like *to-day*.

—Messrs. Williams & Norgate are about to publish, by subscription, in twelve parts of 100 pages each, a "Hieroglyphical and Demotic Dictionary," by Mr. Henri Brugsch. It is to contain "the words and groups most used in the sacred and popular languages and writings of the ancient Egyptians, their definition in French, German, and Arabic, with notes on their affinity with the corresponding words in Coptic."

The text will be lithographed, printed on writing paper, and interleaved. The work will contain the results of Mr. Brugsch's studies and researches for twenty years in Egyptian philology.

—Mr. F. A. Brockhaus, the well-known publisher of Leipzig, has just published a catalogue of about 1,400 books relating to America, dating from 1508 to the present day, many of which are extremely rare and valuable. The collection includes so many curious books that we have not space even to enumerate those which are most noteworthy. It is especially rich in accounts of early voyages to America, many of them illustrated with wood-cuts. The Astor or the Historical Library should endeavor to purchase the whole collection, if possible, or at least strain every nerve to secure a good share of it.

—The new French Pharmacopeia has been published, and a copy presented to the Emperor by the Minister of Public Instruction. It has been published by order of the Government, and was drawn up by a commission who devoted three years to compiling it. The book hitherto used was very defective and was published in 1837. In the new book an attempt has been made to make the formulæ correspond as much as possible with those used in the neighboring countries, and a special chapter has been devoted to the receipts taken from foreign Pharmacopeias. The editors desire an international work of this kind, and they say that it would be an advantage if there was a generally accepted standard of strength of very poisonous or very active medicines. A universal system of weights and measures is, however, first necessary.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.*

THIS ninth volume of Mr. Bancroft's history covers that part of the Revolutionary war which was fought by our ancestors as a nation, and without foreign aid of a strong character. It opens in July, 1776, when the war had drawn to the close of its fifteenth month, but all the fighting that had previously taken place had been the work of colonists or provincials who were contending for their rights as Englishmen, as loyal subjects of George III. Had the propositions that were sent from England in 1776 been sent at any time early enough to have anticipated the Declaration of Independence, the American nation would not have dated its birth from the 4th of July, 1776. Mr. Bancroft, therefore, begins on a new phase of the great struggle with this volume. We have here the first military, as well as the first political, fruits of American nationality; and though there is much room to question the military conduct of most of the Americans of 1776-78, it was perfection itself when compared with their political action. It is satisfactory to know that, in spite of all their political and military errors, the Americans of those days proved equal to the demand that was made upon them, and that, though in their first youth as a people, they were not guilty of greater blunders than were perpetrated by their veteran antagonists. During the twenty-one months that followed the open assumption of nationality the "decisive battles" of the contest were fought, for they decided that foreign intervention to which the early issue of the war, speaking comparatively, was due. It is a question much discussed whether the United States ever could have become a nation had they not been aided in their struggle by France, Spain, and Holland; but the discussion is one of words merely, as nothing can be more certain than this, that the European enemies of England never would have come to their assistance had they not given very strong evidence of their power to help themselves to independence. At Trenton and Princeton, Washington showed that, even with the smallest possible means, he could take advantage of the military errors of his foes, and at Germantown he convinced the world that he had the capacity promptly to recover from the effects of defeat so severe as that involved in the loss of the field of Brandywine, which carried with it the fall of Philadelphia, then the first place in the country, and in some sense its capital, as Congress had long sat there, and thence had promulgated the immortal Declaration. The failure of Burgoyne and the surrender of his army were among the most memorable events of that age, and had all the greater effect because a not unreasonable reliance had been placed on Burgoyne and his force by their master, and at first they were much feared—a fear not unfounded, as their early successes make apparent. It had been fairly demonstrated at the close of 1777 not that the Americans could "conquer a

peace," but that the English could not conquer America. There was a surprising unanimity of opinion on this point among all men competent to form a sound judgment. Franklin for America, Vergennes for France, and Lord North for England, all were agreed that the independence of the United States was achieved. Left to himself, Lord North would have made peace with his master's "rebels;" and he sent Harley to Franklin to seek "an offer of some alliance, or at least of some favor in trade. Franklin answered him as he answered other emissaries, that as to independence the Americans enjoyed it already, its acknowledgment would secure to Britain equal but not superior advantages in commerce with other nations." Such was the reply that Franklin was able to make to the British premier before the Declaration of Independence had completed its second year. The English Whigs were nearly unanimous in support of acknowledgment. Fox was satisfied with Franklin's reply, and the Duke of Richmond would have accepted the situation, and so would Lord Rockingham and Burke. But the King, who never was of really sound mind, preferred not simply the continuance of a war in which success was impossible, but war with France as well as with the victorious Americans, and probably with Spain, as the *pièce de famille* had then lost little of its original force. By appeals to Lord North's honor and to his feelings as a gentleman, he prevailed on that amiable and kind-hearted statesman, who had no love for war, to remain in an office he disliked and to pursue a policy he abhorred. Of all the tyrannical acts of which kings have been guilty, that of George III. in forcing Lord North to labor against the dictates of his reason and the feelings of his heart is the worst. Honor is said to be the characteristic of monarchy, but what are we to think of the monarch of a Christian state who compels his chief minister to act dishonorably and dishonestly by appeals to the point of honor which were absolutely pathetic? The king was cunning in thus chaining the minister to his chariot-wheels; for if Lord North had retired in '78 instead of postponing his retirement to '82, Parliament would have sided with the minister, and a further prosecution of the war would have been impossible. But so long as the King could keep Lord North in his service, Parliament would be a party to the war, and the King would not have to bear alone whatever of odium there should arise in case of further defeat. It will be remembered that George III. was no more disposed to give up the contest after Yorktown than he had been after Saratoga. Four years of additional failure had not made him in the least more yielding, or less stubborn at the close of 1781 than he had been at the close of 1777. He would have gone on with the war till Clinton had shared the fate of Burgoyne and Cornwallis, and every British and Hessian regiment been driven out of America, or remained there only in prison, could he have found a minister to help him—a minister as mad as himself, and yet with influence sufficient to control the nation. There was something sublime in such stubbornness, and we feel something very like respect for the man who exhibited it, as we feel for any display of extraordinary power—for the crushing and swallowing powers of the boa constrictor, for example. It may be added that the King was not engaged in a contest merely with the Americans. He was fighting the Whig aristocrats of England at the same time and by the same means that he was fighting the Democratic Whigs of the United States. Had he given up as against the latter, the former would have triumphed, and one of the great objects of his life and labors would have been lost. He had a double motive in continuing the American contest after Burgoyne's defeat, and the same reasons operated to make him ready to continue it after the capitulation of Cornwallis.

There were various causes for the success of the Americans. Of these not the least extraordinary was the strange lack of generalship on the part of most of the enemy's commanders. We do not believe the conquest of America ever was possible. Two of the ablest men of our century have expressed the opinion that the war might have had a different result had the British forces been properly led. Lord Macaulay thought that if Clive had lived—he killed himself at the close of 1774—the resistance of the Americans would have been put down by that great "Sepoy general." Mr. Thackeray thought that Wolfe would have put it down had he not fallen in more honorable battle. They were wrong. Success was impossible to the English, because they had to encounter here the two great enemies that subdued Napoleon in Russia—space and time. They might have won brilliant victories—they did win such victories; but conquest was out of the question. But assuredly Sir William Howe might have effected more than he did effect with the ample means that his government placed at his disposal. He was not the dullard that he is mostly supposed to have been, but a man of fair talents and a soldier of much experience and of established courage. Yet he did nothing but blunder in America. We are not disposed to think he was blamable for the escape of Washington from Long Island, for then he lacked knowledge of the situation; but he was guilty of a fatal

* "History of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent. By George Bancroft." Volume IX. 8vo, pp. 506. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. London: Sampson Low, Son & Co.

error when he neglected to push Washington in the last days of 1776. A still greater error was his in 1777. The number of men for field operations at his command in the early summer of that year was about 23,000. With 15,000 of these he might have occupied Washington's attention, without fighting a battle, while Clinton might have been sent up the Hudson with 8,000 to co-operate with Burgoyne. Had this been done, it is as certain as anything depending upon human action for its success can be that a junction of Burgoyne and Clinton would have been effected, and the grand British object of the campaign accomplished by separating the New England States from those of the Centre and the South. This would not have been the conquest of America, but it would have been a very severe blow to the American cause, as well in a political as in a military sense. This might have been followed by a concentration of an overwhelming British force in Pennsylvania, such as Washington had no means of resisting; and the year 1777 would have ended with the American cause, apparently, in a hopeless state. Resistance would not have ceased, but all prospect of foreign aid and acknowledgment must for the time have been given up. France would not then have ventured to offend England by making with the new nation a treaty of amity and alliance, and probably she would have closed her ports to our vessels of all kinds, and have taken other means to convince her old rival that she would do nothing to help men who had showed they were incapable of helping themselves. Spain's indisposition to aid the Americans would have been confirmed. The war would have gone on, but it would have been confined to the original parties to it; and the English would have had no difficulty in buying as many mercenaries in Germany as they should have needed to keep up their force here. A long war would have been injurious to our fathers; and probably Washington would have been displaced, and the lead of the American armies entrusted to some conceited braggart or selfish soldier who might have ruined all. These advantages to the British cause were all lost through Howe's folly. His manner of proceeding towards Washington's army was the most absurd of movements, and rendered his victories utterly barren; and when Clinton did go up the Hudson, he started six weeks too late, and with a force not half strong enough to effect anything decisive as matters then stood. Never were advantages so neglected as by the English in America in 1777, and they made the early establishment of this nation an easy task, or would have made it, so had it not been that the blunders on the American side were quite as great as those of which the invaders were guilty.

Mr. Bancroft brings out the true history of those days with singular force and fidelity and in a very narrow compass. Few men could have told so much in space so brief as he takes to give the history of the crisis of the Revolutionary war. He comprehends the situation as it was in the two years that followed the Declaration of Independence, and shows the causes of failure and success with great clearness and with as much of impartiality as it is given to any man, naturally a partisan, to manifest. Washington is his hero, sharing the horrors of the time and the conflict with the people, whose spirit was good, and who always behaved well when they were well led, but who on too many occasions confided commands to fools. It was in the Revolutionary war as it was in the Secession war: men were elevated to high posts not because they were fit to fill them, but because they were fit for something else. It is one of the strangest things in the history of war that men should be made leaders in it because they had in some way distinguished themselves in civil life. Because a man has large social influences it is assumed he can command armies; a proceeding as ridiculous as it would be to assume that because a man is very benevolent he ought to be called in to set a broken leg or to extirpate a cancer or a cataract. Half the blunders on our side in the Revolution were owing to the presence in our armies of men who never should have been near them, save as washerwomen. Washington had to suffer from the consequences of their incompetency; and had the enemy been well commanded he would have been ruined, though the cause would have survived, and in the end would have been victorious, as the Union cause was successful in 1863-65, in spite of the enormous blunders perpetrated in 1861-63. Congress, which seems to have feared a dictator in Washington quite as much as it feared the return of British rule, though at times it supported him, was but too apt to encourage those persons who were burdens to the army, and yet thought they were its most useful members. Mr. Bancroft shows that some of the most eminent civilians of the Revolution were far from thinking highly of Washington, and that they sought to make him responsible for failures that were chargeable only on themselves. There is nothing particularly new in this, but it never before was so well brought out as we find it done in our historian's pages, where it is proved that Washington had more trouble with some of the most eminent of his own countrymen than ever he met with from the best exertions of the best British commanders. Then, not a few of the American generals have

not so grand proportions here as we find assigned them in ordinary American histories, which make Fredericks and Hannibals of men who could not respectably lead a battalion. Even Greene does not seem to be the Greene we so long have had in our mind's eye; and Wayne is once or twice hit almost as hard by the historian as he was hit by Sir Charles Grey shortly after Brandywine. As to Sullivan, Mr. Bancroft does not use a hard word at his expense; but by simply telling the truth about him he shows that he was the stupidest creature that ever led men to death and armies to destruction. Putnam, he says, "was unfit to be a general officer," and he shows that he utters no libel by pointing out how silly was his action when Sir Henry Clinton made his expedition up the Hudson; action which goes far to prove that Clinton, had he sailed earlier and with a sufficient force, might have been the Sherman of the war. It was one of the greatest of Washington's infelicities that there were few men among his generals who were capable of affording him real help, and that the worst of them were often better supported in their errors than he was in well-doing. This adds to the greatness of his fame, but it must have made life well-nigh unbearable to him.

The gradual growth of a national polity is well traced by Mr. Bancroft. It was not only gradual, but it was very slow. Is it too much to say that we had no national government during the war? We think it is not; and in that fact we find the origin of secession. So much was made of the States, and so little was done to centralize authority, that a disintegrating party was then established which has done its perfect work in our day, and has been crushed in the field and at the polls by way of proper reward for its miserable but very powerful efforts to "organize anarchy and make it permanent." We regard those portions of Mr. Bancroft's volume which relate to politics as among his best writings. They may not be so brilliant as his military chapters, but they are eminently instructive, and account philosophically for much of the weakness that characterized the proceedings of our ancestors at a time when the pressure of events should have led to a very different line of action. We commend to the attention of readers Chapter XXVI., entitled "The Confederation," which throws a flood of light on the nation's early political history, and is a favorable specimen of the historian's style, while it embodies his theory of American national life.

STAHER'S CLEOPATRA.*

SHAKESPEARE, says Adolf Staehr, has drawn the character of Cleopatra as a woman in a masterly way; for with that sagacity which marks his conception of historical personages, he has seen through the falsity of the charge of treachery to Antony so commonly made against her, and has exhibited with singular clearness her relation to Octavius. But the historical significance of the *queen*, so to speak, and the character of her political aims, Shakespeare has hardly touched.

To do justice to this remarkable woman, in this latter respect, is the task which our author proposes to himself. His theory is, in brief, this: At the age of eighteen Cleopatra ascended the tottering throne of Egypt, and with an ambition and talent far beyond ordinary women, devoted herself to the work of establishing her power, and of extending and strengthening the kingdom of her ancestors. And as the dangers which threatened her all came from Rome, her first and chief object was to assure herself against the encroachment of that colossal power, which had swallowed up, one after another, the kingdoms of the Mediterranean, and was now extending its mighty arms into the East after further prey. The military resources of Egypt were wholly insufficient to support a war with Rome; but what arms could not effect might be accomplished by arts. Pompey and the oligarchic republicans had dispossessed her of her throne; Cæsar had restored her to it; and Cæsar was not only the foremost general of the world, but practically the head and ruler of the Roman empire, and, moreover, the representative of the monarchical principle. To gain such an influence, therefore, over Cæsar as to be able to make him change the seat of the Roman government from the West to the East, and at his side to divide with him the supremacy of the world, that was her plan, and it showed a genius which made her worthy, in that respect, to be Cæsar's queen. His sudden death, under the daggers of his republican assassins, dashed her hopes, and she withdrew from Rome to Alexandria, and waited for another turn of fortune.

Upon Cæsar's death Antony had seized the reins of power, and she found in him a new instrument of her ambition, and a fit successor of Cæsar. For though after Lepidus, the third triumvir, had been put out of the way, she saw that the struggle for the empire of the world lay between Octavius and Antony, she had probably little doubt at first of the success of the latter,

* "Cleopatra." Von Adolf Staehr. Berlin: Verlag von J. Guttenberg.

who, endowed by nature with great military talents, had still further developed them under the guidance of Cæsar, and who, though not without certain dangerous weaknesses, was yet of a disposition to be easily controlled; while Octavius was a mere youth, destitute of experience, if not of talent. And if another factor had not been brought into the problem, her calculation of chances could not have been blamed as rash.

Her relation to Cæsar had been, on her part, purely political in its origin. It is not pretended that there was any real love on her side; and therefore it was that she remained wholly mistress of those faculties of judgment and insight which mark her character as a queen. But with Antony the case was different. He had conceived for her a passion which the ancients could only explain as something demoniac; and she reciprocated it with an affection which grew rather than lessened with years, until it finally obscured her judgment, if it did not paralyze her genius. It is to this affection that most of her political mistakes are to be attributed, and, greatest of all, that of insisting upon accompanying Antony to the theatre of war, a mistake which was so signally punished at Actium by the failure of her courage and her flight in the midst of the combat, when, as if driven by a pursuing fate, Antony followed her, and their cause was lost for ever.

Thus Cleopatra's whole life, as it is known to history, was a constant struggle for the throne of her fathers, and her last efforts were directed to securing it to her children. But when all failed, the preservation of her honor as a queen remained her only task, and she performed it to the wonder of the world, for the last sovereign of the house of the Lagidæ lay dead in the palace of her ancestors when the Roman soldiers broke into its deserted halls.

Such is the explanation which Stahr has given of Cleopatra's career. He has against him, of course, the general drift of Roman literature; but the very exultations, so loud and so long prolonged, upon the final conquest of Egypt, go a good way to neutralize the denunciations of Roman writers, for they indicate the feeling of apprehensive anger which a knowledge of her ambition had created in the Roman mind. She was a foreigner and an Egyptian, and, merely as such, would have been hateful to the Roman people; for there never was a nation with whom the pride of race was stronger than with the Romans at this period. But more than that, she had exerted so controlling an influence over Cæsar that it was feared he would make her his wife and legitimate the son she had borne him; and no offence, no crime could have been so deadly on her part, in the eyes of the Roman people, as that; no political genius, no lustre of descent, could atone for it. For her character as a woman, indeed, the Romans cared as little as for that of any of their own concubines. It was not because she was Cæsar's mistress that the Roman writers lavished their invectives upon her, but because she aimed to be his queen. The more enlightened Roman statesmen detected, of course, her political purposes, and they could understand all the fascination of her beauty and intelligence; but to the people in general she was the incarnation of all the arts of sorcery, the evil genius that waited upon the footsteps of Cæsar, and that dragged Antony down to ruin. Hence the universal execration with which she was regarded when alive and remembered when dead.

Yet, here and there, in all this current of invective, one finds, as Stahr has shown, an involuntary confession of her genius and her pride as a queen, and even of the nobler sentiments which dignified her connection with Antony; for we must bear in mind that we cannot in honesty judge her by that high ideal of the relations of the sexes which came in with Christianity. According to the Egyptian custom, which had been adopted by the Ptolemies, the wife of the sovereign of Egypt was his sister, and so Cleopatra had been early married to her brother. But that is not properly to be regarded as a crime by us any more than, in point of fact, was her connection with Cæsar and Antony a crime with the Romans. The institution of marriage, indeed, was cherished at Rome for its political advantages, but the private life of the Roman aristocracy was, for the most part, thoroughly corrupt. Cleopatra had in no way scandalized the moral sentiment of the age, except so far as calumny had blackened her character. Divorce was a common thing at Rome, and the more common the higher up one went in society. Hardly any of the marriages contracted among the rulers, or those who aspired to be the rulers of Rome, had any other basis than political expediency. Octavia, the sister of Octavius, was married to Antony when she was still with child by a former husband to whom she had been very much attached, and she was considered, and with reason, as one of the noblest Roman matrons. Marriage was a mere form, necessary in private life, but to a woman bred up, as Cleopatra had been, in Eastern notions, and to a woman possessed as she was of great political genius and vast ambition, the significance of marriage, except so far as it was necessary for purposes of state, was probably something not intelligible.

But, though to estimate fairly the moral character of an historical personage we must view it in the light of the prevailing morality of the age in which it appeared, and not by any subsequent higher standard, it is not necessary to show that Cleopatra even came up to the standard of her own time; perhaps she did not. At any rate, that is not the point now to discuss. It is her political character only that Stahr seeks to analyze, and that, after all, not so much with a view to defend as to understand it. She has commonly been set down as the type of a voluptuous, passionate woman, mistress of all the arts of allurement, and treacherous as she was irresistible. On Stahr's theory, she may have been all this, except so far as treachery to Antony is concerned, which cannot fairly be charged against her, for the whole course of her later life contradicts it. But that she was also something more than this—a woman of commanding genius, engaged in a patriotic but unavailing attempt to hold fast and to strengthen the kingdom she had inherited from her ancestors, and hoped to hand down to her children—Stahr seems to us to have done a good deal to establish. He leaves her private morals pretty much as he found them; but he shows the other, the intellectual, side of her character, which the partisan passions of the day had so obscured, and which subsequent writers have so little appreciated.

But quite as much as of the character of Cleopatra, Stahr seems to us to have made a very good study of that of Antony, which Cicero did so much to blacken, and Antony himself to damage in the eyes of posterity by his persecution unto death of that illustrious writer. The rapidity with which, from a penniless profligate, he raised himself to the control of the destinies of the world, was certainly enough to turn the strongest head. What had cost Cæsar long years of toil and peril he obtained in almost as many months, and when the world lay thus at his feet he was in the bloom of his manhood—not over forty years of age—while upon his iron constitution neither the enormous excesses of his Roman life nor the fatigues of the camp had made any impression. Besides being a great general and statesman, moreover, he was one of the most amiable of companions and one of the most affectionate of friends. Nature had bestowed on him her richest gifts; one thing only was lacking, and the want of that was his ruin—power of self-control, the unity of the will. Wavering between ambition and self-indulgence, he fell a victim at last to the latter. Yet he might with truth say that he was better than his reputation. This drunken prodigal, who outwitted the most cunning plotters and whose energy made his enemies quake, was a good-hearted, kindly man, honest himself and above suspicion of others. When the triumvirs entered Rome victorious his lenity saved many a victim from the calculating cruelty of Octavius; and, though extravagant beyond measure, even Cicero exempted him from the charge of that lust of wealth which was the curse of his age and the cause of the final corruption and ruin of the empire, as it had been of the republic. Upon one occasion he commanded his secretary to bestow a million of sesterces upon one of his friends as a free gift. The secretary, in order to make him realize how large a sum it was, put the heap of gold pieces which made that amount before him. "I thought a million was more," said Antony; "add another to it."

In all respects a remarkable man, there was something in the madness of his passion for Cleopatra which makes his history a psychological problem, and whatever other merit may be denied to Stahr's portrait of him and of Cleopatra, it will hardly be denied that he has at least cleared away some of the obscurities which envelope their characters, and proved that, if their vices were flagrant, there were not wanting great virtues in the one and lofty aims in the other.

WHIPPLE'S ESSAYS.*

MR. WHIPPLE'S volume contains twelve essays, all, with more or less definiteness of purpose, treating of the elements and manifestations of character in its various aspects. The pieces, with the exception of three—those on Thackeray, Hawthorne, and Agassiz—were all prepared for audiences, and delivered in public, either as lectures or addresses. The tribute to Mr. Everett was read before the Thursday Evening Club, in Boston. The felicitous characterization of Starr King, by far the worthiest description of that charming person that has fallen from the lips of any of his admirers, was spoken on Sunday evening, April 3, 1864, at the memorial service in Hollis Street Church, where Mr. King preached. The last piece, on "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution," was given as a Fourth of July oration, fifteen years ago, in Boston.

The literary character of the essays, admirable as it is in many respects,

* "Character and Characteristic Men." E. P. Whipple. Ticknor & Fields.

suffers from the circumstance that they were written for hearers, not for readers. They lack the gravity and composure that should mark literary productions. To the mass of readers this will be a recommendation; but in the eye of criticism it is a fault. The pages are more entertaining for it, but less satisfying. The lecturer writes to amuse as well as to instruct; to keep the attention of the miscellaneous populace before him he must administer a series of shocks to their minds. He must startle them, fascinate them, rouse them, and make them laugh. His theme must be handled in such a way that people may catch his points with half-shut eyes, and be carried over a wide reach of thought without much help from listening. He must wrench things from their proper relations; must exaggerate and caricature. He must cultivate tricks of style, alliteration, and antithesis; must utter smart sayings, hunt up remote illustrations, make points for the sake of introducing anecdotes, and sprinkle the surface of the discourse, at proper intervals, with puns. Mr. Whipple's essays are not free from these characteristics, and are, therefore, defective as works of literary art. The style has a sort of strut, as if it was trying to present a good appearance and was not conscious of succeeding. The lines are anxious about their effect; the pages bristle with epigram, as if to keep criticism at a distance, and to give some nolency no chance to repose. Almost every paragraph has its witty allusion, its rhetorical snap, or its neat story admirably told. Even in the prosy passages—for such there must be—fancy, having nothing else to do, twists the words about, making them reel and jingle in imitation, at least, of frolic. The mind of the writer does not seem to be at peace either with itself or its companions, and is haunted by the impression that they are not interested in its thoughts.

While we are in the critical vein, we will add, what may seem inconsistent with the foregoing remarks, that Mr. Whipple's writing is too prevailingly "literary" to be quite admirable. It smells of the library and the lamp. The themes handled are vital, every one; the thought is vigorous; the purpose is direct and earnest; but the illustrations are taken from books—seldom from life. The themes are interesting to Americans; but the illustrations are less American than French and English. Mr. Whipple has been an enormous reader, and he has a capacious memory that holds everything he reads. His knowledge of history is wonderful for extent and detail. Quotations come to him as naturally as his own speech. People in books are real people to him; he brings them out as if they were his friends; and friends they are more warmly than the men and women he lives with. He is a laborious and most faithful man of letters. His productions are the result rather of severe study and diligent culture than of original intellectual fertility; and to this fact is owing a certain artificiality of method and dryness of material which the bookish man cannot overcome.

The surprise is that, with these characteristics of mind and style, Mr. Whipple should have the popularity as a lecturer that he has for many years enjoyed. But his success has been fairly earned by qualities which no mannerisms can counterbalance. He is always a thinker; if not a profound or comprehensive one, still an acute, strong, sincere one. He is painstaking to an extreme; his conscientiousness never deserts him. And he can think to some purpose. He has power of reflection and of analysis; he understands the conditions of thought, and conforms to them. If he does not originate ideas, he knows what they are, welcomes them, and does his best to communicate them. As a philosopher he is not remarkable; but as a critic he is, as an expositor he is. He selects worthy themes, and aims to treat them worthily, and for doing that he is to be respected.

We can heartily commend, too, his common sense. Though a speculative, literary man, he is no fool to be carried away by his fancy or whim. He sees the distinction between the practicable and the impracticable, and holds himself firmly in hand—is rational and wise.

Better than that, if better can be, Mr. Whipple is mostly in earnest; not ostentatiously so, but truly so. He thinks and writes with a purpose to effect something. He holds by ideas, believes in principles, consults the best uses. He sneers at nothing worthy, and deprecates nothing good; he sympathizes with whatever promises to enlighten and elevate man. He is a lover of liberty, a friend of improvement, a believer in the capabilities of men and women, a hoper after better social conditions than exist now. There is fine moral enlightenment in him. These essays are very different from the Bohemian work that is so abundant. They mean something better than entertainment to after-dinner loungers. And yet an after-dinner lounger might find them entertaining.

We cordially recommend this volume to young men as a stimulant and a guide for thought. They will find it palatable and wholesome, bright enough to amuse them, thoughtful enough to interest them, wise enough to instruct them, and noble enough to elevate them. Mr. Whipple is a trustworthy interpreter of popular writers like Dickens, Thackeray, Hawthorne,

and his own writings make a fitting introduction to the best literature of the generation. He is a self-made man, and, therefore, calculated to meet the wants of those who wish to make themselves. He is an American, and judges things as well as men from the American standard. He is a Massachusetts man, and believes in the principles of that doughty commonwealth, and if he gives certain unmistakable evidences of being a Bostonian, we are sure that the tone of his writings does not suffer from that peculiarity.

CONFUSION FOR YOUNG MINDS.*

THE work which we have before us seems to have been intended for those children who have attained the A B Cs of their education, and are about starting out upon the wide field to which the letters form the entrance gate, and accordingly we find it in the hands of a boy between eight and nine years of age—placed there by the authorities of a school which holds an enviable position in the esteem of the community.

Since the copyright bears the date of 1856 it is evident that the work has been long enough before the community for its merits to have been carefully weighed. That the decision could not have been otherwise than in favor of its adoption is certain, for we are told in the preface that "the words have been syllabicated, accented, and defined with great care, the definitions particularly having received great attention in their construction, to make them brief and to the point."

This is an interesting statement, but not more interesting than the book itself. We find it divided into a considerable number of sections, headed "Mankind," "Parts of the Human Body," "Functions of the Eye and Ear," etc. Then under each section we have a list of words "syllabicated, accented, and defined with great care," and following each of these, in smaller type, what appears to be a miniature dictionary explanatory of the preceding explanations.

Thus, the first word is *man*, with which, of course, the infant mind is not supposed to associate any idea. Having been carefully syllabicated and accented, it is defined as "a male of the human species." *Father* is "the male parent;" *mother*, "the female parent;" *parent*, "a father or mother." What meaning could most children of nine attach to these words, "male" and "female"? Our dictionary at the foot of the page explains *human* as "having the qualities of men and women;" *species*, as "sort, kind." *Male* and *female* are prudently left unexplained. *Stepfather* is "a father by marriage only." Most of us have ignorantly supposed this to be the case with all honest fathers. *Ancestor* is "one from whom a person descends." And, in small type, *descend* is "to come from, to go down;" and *descendant* is "the offspring of an ancestor." This is bravely done; but how clear an idea, think you, has the child of the meaning of "ancestor" and "descendant" from this first lesson?

In the second lesson the infant is informed, to its great edification, that the *mouth* is "the aperture in the head at which food is received." *Muscle* is "a fleshy fibre; an organ of motion." It is explained below that *fibre* is "a thread, a thread-like substance," and *substance* is "something solid." *Muscle* is, therefore, a fleshy thread-like something solid. But, further: *Organ* is, in small type, "a natural instrument of action." *Instrument* is "a tool; that by which something is done." *Natural* is "produced by nature." *Nature* is "the works of the Lord." *Produced* is "brought into life or being." Our *enfant terrible* is, therefore, in a position to state that "muscle is a tool of action for motion brought into life or being by the works of the Lord." After this there is surely nothing to be said.

Print is "the representation of anything made by impression." *Ox* is "the male of the bovine genus of quadrupeds." *Oyster* is "a bivalve testaceous shell-fish." *Hair* is "a small filament issuing from the skin." *Time* is "a portion or part of duration, either past, present, or future." To explain this we have below the following: *Duration*, "extension in time; continuation." *Continuation*, "extension of existence." *Existence*, "life, being." *Past*, "gone by, or beyond." *Present*, "now existing." *Future*, "time to come." This is "time, times, and a half," with a vengeance. May the time be long before, in the extension of his life or being, either present or future, our victim shall meet with any explanation more likely to produce confusion worse confounded.

Victuals is "food for human beings prepared for eating"—no punctuation. When they are prepared for eating, will they differ much from a child who has been brought up on "Smith's Juvenile Definer?"

The hungry young enquirer is informed that *soup* is "a decoction of flesh for food." Feeling expectant, but rather rebuffed, he is told, in small type, that *decoction* is "the liquor in which a substance has been boiled." Still

* "The Juvenile Definer. By Wm. W. Smith." New York; A. S. Barnes & Co,

hungry but subdued, he waits about nine weeks, at a page a day, when at last he learns that *liquor* is "a fluid substance," and *fluid* is "running like water." Then, if he has any strength remaining so as to have a reasonable hope of being able to run as fast as water, he may cheer himself with the anticipation of catching up with a dinner which he fully understands.

So we go from "mankind" to "poultry," and from "edible vegetables" to "worms," running the whole gamut of prolix verbiage. Oh! ye who in your lifetime have felt the joys and suffered the pains of an "institution of learning;"—ye who ought to have gone to school and did not; and ye who in the future shall or ought to be called upon to do likewise, to you only would we speak. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no specific which will wipe out of existence once and for all time these hideous abortions usurping the place of honest text-books, and make our scribblers ashamed to write, and our publishers ashamed to send forth to the world such stuff as this?

Let us not, however, be betrayed into intemperance of thought or expression. At the outset it had been our intention to indite a few words in criticism of the work under mention, but finding from the title-page that its author is or was the principal of a school in New York, and that it bears the imprint of a well-known publishing house, we yield to the dictation of our natural respect for the instructors of youth and the manufacturers of rubbish for schools, and refrain.

“DAYS OF YORE.”*

“PEOPLE like to be tempted,” as Mrs. Gaskell makes Mrs. Gibson, with much truth, remark. Accordingly, we congratulate Miss Tytler’s readers on the fresh temptation which Mr. Strahan sets before them in these two hand-some volumes. They have rewarded us with especial satisfaction in the performance of the conscientious reviewer’s not always easy duty, to read before he writes. There is a dreamy charm for many of us, amid these restless, bewildering times, even in the pretty name of “Days of Yore;” and the author’s kindly and sympathetic tone of thought and feeling seems to give her a happy facility in calling the long-departed actors in those days back upon the stage again. Moreover, her work is well adapted to the needs of that class of sinners, at whom we cast no stone first or last, who, when they once get hold of an interesting story, cannot lay it down between the beginning and the end. Her narratives are prudently furnished with twenty stopping places at which, if the world around us is coming to a stand-still for want of us, it is all our own fault if we do not wait long enough to set the world going once more.

These narratives carry us over a good deal of ground, in Scotland, England, Ireland, and Holland, and make us everywhere tolerably at home. They are tinged with history, but not heavily historical—so little so, indeed, and so shadowy in particular are the “Shadows on the Coast of Fife,” that, after swallowing all the history they contain, we find ourselves somewhat in the plight of Mrs. Gilman’s “mean white” or “cracker” girl, who, after putting the spoonful of whipped cream into her mouth, pushed back her chair, shook her handkerchief, and looked on her lap and on the floor, to see what had become of the impalpable dainty.

It is never fair for those who are first taken into Scheherazade’s confidence to betray her to the not yet admitted; but thus much on the present occasion it is no treason to tell—that her stories end happily enough to leave her audience happy, and that they abound in scorn, woe, wrath, love, and other noble passions.

We hope it is not treason either to repeat one or two strokes of humor; because, if it is, we shall have to be traitors. One of these shall be the summing up of the popular notion of an intellectual woman: “An abstracted, scared being, with two left hands;” and another, this whimsical reflection on the murder of *Duncan*—pity that it had not occurred to *Lady Macbeth*!—“Is it not the height of snobbishness to be so anxious to have a handle to your name that you will even do murder to get it?”

In point of style we set “Days of Yore” above “Citoyenne Jacqueline,” in so far as it is free from Gallicisms, but no further. It is much to be regretted that parts so lively and pleasing as those of the writer should continue to lose so much of their effect for want of what many a plodding pedant could in a measure do for her. We are not going to be thanklessly severe, but we must say Miss Tytler’s books convince us that there is much justice in the old proverb about two heads, even when the auxiliary head is less rarely endowed by nature than the principal. We will wish Miss Tytler no worse than that her manuscripts may henceforward be written with more care, and be revised with a good deal more care.

* “Days of Yore, by Sarah Tytler, author of ‘Citoyenne Jacqueline.’” Alexander Strahan, publisher, London and New York, 1866.

“Some power” will not “the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,”

and the counsel of a friend may be of very great service to almost any writer.

No doubt a really good critic is hard to find. It is a very unfortunate thing for any good author to fall in any respect into the power of a censor who cannot understand what he means, or does not care what he means, or thinks he ought to mean something else, or at any rate forces him to say something else. It was unfortunate for Mrs. Stowe, for instance, if it is true, that some wiseacre induced her to mangle that really fine passage, in which she described Dr. Hopkins “knocking out every round in the ladder to heaven but the highest,” and then saying “to the world, ‘Step up.’” Substitute “go” for “step,” said the censor; and “go” was substituted. It was unfortunate, because “go” means only vaguely go in any way you please—in a balloon, pick-a-back, on a cherub, if you will—which probably was what Mrs. Stowe had *not* in her mind; while *step*, on the contrary, signifies, in the words of Dr. Samuel Johnson, “to move by a single change of the place of the foot,” which probably was what Mrs. Stowe *did* have in her mind. It is, however, a most fortunate thing, we say, for almost any author, however good, to have within his reach an intelligent and sympathizing private critic who is apt at catching his meaning, loves his meaning, and can tell him when he has said what he means and when he has not said it, and when he has said what he does not mean. But when prisoners come into court unprovided with counsel, it becomes the duty of the court to furnish them with professional advisers. In like manner, appointed to the office of critic to “Days of Yore,” it devolves upon us to offer some suggestions, among the many that occur to us in glancing over their clever but too carelessly corrected pages.

Several of the statements with which they entertain us are certainly, in the old words of the Scotch juries, “not proven,” such, namely, as the following: Says Miss Tytler, “Beside her [Veronica] sat her father. . . . He . . . was walking up and down.” If he sat beside her, he was hardly walking up and down; while if he was walking up and down, he could not well sit beside her. And here is a bold assertion, not self-contradictory, but which we decidedly contradict: [Delvile’s] “Cecilia was very plain.” Cecilia was not very plain. Miss Burney speaks of her as “beautiful;” and who should know if not Miss Burney? Was not the line of unsightly charmers first led in by “Jane Eyre?” Again: “Elspie would neither have stood still nor fallen prostrate, unless he [Sealchraig a’fias Alexander Selkirk had shot her through the head.” It is possible. But one asks one’s self, Would n’t Elspie have fallen prostrate if Alexander had shot her through the heart? And, more astonishing than all is this statement: “Herr Mauritz” wound his horn “so richly, and with such mastery of strength and witchery of tunefulness, that if those present were not reminded of the honeycomb in Samson’s dead lion, they must have been dolts indeed.” Imagine this statement thrown into the favorite interrogative form of a conundrum: “Why was the honeycomb in the lion that Samson killed like a certain blast, blown by Herr Mauritz, on a B flat bugle?” The correct answer is what we call intricate: “Because the player wound the bugle ‘so richly, and with such mastery of strength and witchery of tunefulness.’” Now, because a person does not on the instant make this reply, is it not the extreme of unsparing severity and unchristian acerbity, and of a wicked pride in superior quickness of apprehension, to tell such a person that he is, by definition, a blockhead, an ignoramus, and not grossly miscalled when he is styled a dunce and a dull ass?

Miss Tytler’s use of the participle “disappointing” as an adjective—as in the phrase, “All was *disappointing*”—is neither graceful nor necessary; nor is that of such forms of speech as “I should have liked to have seen,” “I should have liked to have heard,” and “I should have liked to have known.” All educated persons should be on their guard, if necessary, against sanctioning, by their example, such inelegancies as putting the word “commece” in the place of *begin* before another verb in the infinitive; or such as saying “left” when one means *gone*. And to speak of “acids and aqua-fortis” is much as if one should speak of meats and mutton.

But now, though there is enough more to say, there is scanty room to say it in; and we will not take our leave of an agreeable book in a disagreeable shower of Parthian arrows. In conclusion, therefore, we will simply propose to any of our readers who may hesitate to take up the book in question upon our recommendation, to try for themselves “A Cast in the Wagon,” which, by the way, may remind some of them dimly of interesting traits in the life of the painter Blake; and we venture to prophesy that few of the good lovers, at least, of “The Old Chelsea Bun house,” “Cherry and Violet,” and the other little novels of that class, will prove themselves “warm haters” of “Days of Yore.”

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

MR. BEECHER'S POSITION.

THE singular position in which Mr. Beecher now stands, and the rapid changes of public feeling with respect to him during the last few months, while he himself is evidently unconscious of having changed his own views, are subjects deserving of more intelligent comment than they have yet received. The matter is in some degree a personal one, but a man like Mr. Beecher is public property, and his errors as well as his virtues may properly be made the means of public instruction. We have condemned, in the strongest manner, the vituperation which has been poured out upon him by men of much zeal but little wisdom; we have no sympathy with the attacks—some of them incredibly mean—which have been so freely made upon his motives. But, while earnestly claiming for Mr. Beecher the credit of honesty and sincerity in his course, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that he has lost his *prestige* as a leader; that he has for months wasted his political influence in efforts that were not mischievous only because they were utterly ineffective; that he has lost a splendid opportunity for winning the North to all the magnanimity of his own heart, by identifying that magnanimity with an absurd quixotism; and that he has greatly diminished his power for usefulness for years to come.

Mr. Beecher has expressed so much unfeigned surprise at the effect produced by his letters that it is necessary to epitomize his course upon the questions of reconstruction, in order to show its changes. In May, 1865, he not merely advocated but insisted upon equal suffrage as the basis for reconstruction. In September, 1865, he tacitly waived this point, and insisted more strenuously upon the necessity of conciliating the Southern whites. In February, 1866, he urged the immediate and unconditional admission of certain Southern States, in all of which colored men were excluded from voting, and in most of which even their civil rights were but very imperfectly recognized. Still he adhered to the Republican party, and asserted the doctrine of universal suffrage as an abstract right. But in September he wrote his famous Cleveland letter, in which he expressed his "hearty wish" for the success of a convention which every sensible politician knew perfectly well was assembled for the special purpose of breaking down the Republican party. And, finally, he has just renewed his allegiance to his old party, and, without admitting that his own judgment has changed, has gracefully submitted to the decision of the party.

Now all this clearly implies some change of views, though not necessarily any inconsistency, in the obnoxious sense of the term. It is not inconsistent for any man to alter his mind; it is only inconsistent for him to act or speak in opposite directions while professing to have undergone no change. Mr. Beecher is sorely tempted just now to assert that he has not changed his position. But he cannot do this without confessing either to inconsistency, or to having been under a total misapprehension of the facts.

If Mr. Beecher had been anything of a practical politician he could not have failed to see that the Cleveland Convention was necessarily and designedly hostile to the Republican party, and that the success for which he expressed so hearty a desire could not, by any possibility, be otherwise than identical with the success of the Democratic party. After the action of Congress, and the massacre at New Orleans, it was a matter of absolute certainty that nine-tenths of the Republican party would adhere to the Congressional policy. But Mr. Beecher did not see this. He thought it still possible to persuade the Republican party to adopt his views, although every one acquainted with the real state of public feeling saw clearly that such efforts could only irritate the mass of his audience, without convincing one of them. Mr. Beecher sees this himself now, and has wisely given up his fruitless endeavor; but he would have shown more sagacity if he had done this at an earlier day. The lawyer who persists in talking to a jury who have fully made up their minds to convict his client of manslaughter, only runs the risk of bringing about a verdict of murder.

Mr. Beecher's slowness to perceive the popular tendency is all the more remarkable in view of his prompt acquiescence in the refusal of the people to extend the suffrage to the negroes by political means. He says himself that, relinquishing further political efforts in that direction, he "instantly turned" to moral agencies alone. Yet there never was a time when so large a portion of the people favored equal suffrage as now. Three-fourths of the Republican party accepted the doctrine when Mr. Beecher dropped it; and they are gaining new adherents continually. If the South refuses the Constitutional Amendment, we believe that the dominant party will unanimously adopt and enforce the very measure upon which Mr. Beecher's heart was once set, but which he abandoned in discouragement a year ago. It is strange that one who is so sanguine in his anticipations of progress at the South, in case it is allowed to have its own way, should be so desponding over the prospects of progress at the North.

We venture to think that an explanation of Mr. Beecher's somewhat erratic course of late may be found in the fact that he has, since the close of the war, mingled more intimately with Southern and conservative politicians than in all his life before. He has realized the difficulty, which we comprehend perfectly by experience, of talking face to face with educated, kindly, Christian men from the South, who express the humanest sentiments concerning the colored race, and yet inflexibly oppose the admission of that race to the elective franchise. It is exceedingly hard to look such a man in the eye, and say in effect, "I would trust you with my fortune, my family, my honor, my life, but not with the negro." That is just what our amiable Northern Congressmen never could say in old times; and because they could not and did not, Mr. Beecher stormed at them with all his fiery eloquence. But then he was not called upon to say it himself. Now he is, and he finds the words stick in his throat. We do not denounce him for this; for we can do no better ourselves. Our only chance is to avoid these amiable Southern gentlemen. Which of us could meet Governor Eyre face to face, spend an hour with him in friendly intercourse, and conclude with telling him that he was a murderer, who avenged an old grudge by assassination under the forms of law? No, no. We should close the interview by warmly shaking the governor's hand, and subscribing to the great assassin's defence fund; and so would Mr. Beecher. It is an old story, repeated a thousand times every year since the world began. Only one exception is recorded; that in which, while forty camels were being unloaded of gifts at his door, the man of God fixed his eyes upon the Syrian soldier, and wept, saying: "I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strongholds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child."

We are sincerely glad to welcome Mr. Beecher back to the fold from which, in spite of his opinion to the contrary, we cannot but think he had strayed; and we should rejoice far more if he could honestly see and admit that he had erred in judgment throughout this whole matter. But we say distinctly, that we respect him no whit the less, nay more, for his adherence to his convictions, so long as they are his convictions, in the face of the almost unanimous opposition of his church, his family, and his best friends. We earnestly hope, however, that he will not let his pride prevent him from reconsidering his position, and from modifying his views in accordance with his better judgment.

And as various stories, some wholly false and others grossly exaggerated, have gone out concerning the action or designs of Plymouth Church, it is proper that we should here say a word on that subject, in respect to which we speak on the best authority. It is absolutely false that any officers of the church ever spoke, or even thought of, reducing Mr. Beecher's salary on account of his political position, or that any kind of movement by way of punishing or intimidating him was ever made. The profound agitation and grief of the church over the Cleveland letter can scarcely be over-stated, but Mr. Beecher's people have far too much liberality of sentiment to think for a moment of any such projects as those which sundry "Democratic" newspapers have invented and ascribed to them. For a "half-educated," "bigoted," "fanatical" congregation, "with no ideas except what they derived from their pastor," yet having the impertinence to "fancy that they could think for them-

selves," we think that Plymouth Church has made a good record of itself within the last two months.

The experience through which both pastor and people have passed has been a valuable though not a welcome one. It has shown that a church unusually devoted to its pastor can yet maintain its independence of thought, as little swayed by his influence, when exerted on the wrong side, as if he had been the humblest member of his flock. It has shown that such a difference of opinion can be maintained without breaking up the ties of mutual affection and esteem. And a better vindication of the democratic theory of government, in both church and state, when founded on intelligence, has rarely been witnessed, than the total failure of so popular, trusted, and powerful a leader as Mr. Beecher to change the course of one in a hundred of those who, all over the land, have hung upon his words and delighted to act upon his counsels.

OUGHT SOLDIERS TO VOTE ?

NEW HAMPSHIRE will soon be called upon to revise a constitution which prohibits its Legislature from granting to soldiers the right of suffrage; and the same question will doubtless come up for consideration in the next constitutional convention of New York. Now that the army is so reduced in size that its votes can no longer be used to help or hinder materially the success of parties, it may be hoped that the precedents in this matter established during the war may receive a consideration which at that time was never given to the subject itself. For none of the arguments then used in the discussion of this question ever touched upon its real merits. The prospect of political gain or the fear of political loss was the only reason that influenced those who favored or opposed the measure. The Legislature of New York, which granted to soldiers the right to vote, and the Legislature of New Jersey, which refused them the same right, were both actuated by the same selfish motives; while with the mass of the people, the sentimental but specious plea that the man who was periling life for his country was entitled on that very account to vote for what he deemed its interests, carried the day over any mere party considerations.

Yet every one who has made a careful study of the principles of civil liberty, of the safeguards which surround it, of the perils to which it is exposed, must realize the fact that no more dangerous precedent has ever been embodied in the legislation of the country. He who knows, either theoretically or practically, what an army is, fears most what an army may become. He who knows what it is will be least inclined to add to it any power or right which will make it, no matter to how small an extent, an object to be courted or feared by the representatives of the people.

For, whenever an army exists for any length of time, it becomes a caste, in which are prevalent peculiar motives of action and peculiar habits of thought, but all dangerous to liberty. In it debate is decried and action exalted. The will of the one is preferred to the wisdom of the many. A habit of blind unreasoning obedience to authority is insensibly acquired. The propriety and consequences of an order are rarely discussed, only the fact of its being issued. Disdain for civilians, for the slow processes of civil law, for the safeguards which hedge about the rights of property and person, for the constitutional restrictions upon the power of the central government, is easily engendered. Devotion to the executive also as representing action, and contempt for the legislature as representing deliberation, inevitably spring up. The spirit of despotism, contributing more and more to its efficiency, grows stronger with every day the army is in existence; but it is the spirit most incompatible with the preservation of free institutions. These are the general considerations which have always made the army, no matter how constituted, dangerous to liberty. Give it the power to vote, and these dangers are aggravated ten-fold. To the compactness and force of despotism it adds, without any counteracting influences, the reckless indifference to results, the all-defying energy and the unscrupulous partisanship which attend the exercise of the elective franchise.

For the preservation of liberty, it is desirable that suffrage should

be intelligent; it is essential that it should be free. But neither free nor intelligent can it be in the army, from the very nature of things. For the tendency of soldiers possessing the right of suffrage will always be to vote, almost unanimously, with the party having control of the Government. The general officers are all directly dependent upon the executive. In addition to the habits of deference and obedience in which they are trained, every consideration of interest and ambition inclines them to support the measures advocated by him they are accustomed to regard as their commander-in-chief. Only extraordinary and commanding merit—which is always very rare—can save them from being summarily shoved aside if they venture to hold and express opposing views of their own. The same feelings which prompt them to support the policy of the executive prompt them also to demand for it the unquestioning support of those below them. This tendency in the case of subordinate volunteer officers is partially counteracted by that clause of the Constitution which reserves to the State the right of commissioning regimental officers. But this is of no value when the state and general governments are in accord; of but little value when they are not. For by the operation of examining boards, by refusal to muster in, and by the power of summary dismissal, an officer can always be got rid of whom it is desirable to have out of the way. This constant pressure downward, causing men to act not only more and more in concert with one another, but also more and more in concert with the executive, ordinarily shows its effect most strikingly in the case of the private soldier. However reliant upon himself he may be by nature, once in the army his independence of thought and feeling is rapidly lost. The longer he remains in it, the more subject does his will become to that of his immediate superior. Upon his company commander rest the comfort and sometimes the security of his life; through him his merit must be made known and recognized; without his help he can hardly hope to receive the promotion due either to his courage or his conduct; in the captain's hands lies the power to reward and punish, to cast down and exalt. It would be contrary to nature if, in such a condition of things, there should not be anxiety on the part of the soldier to gain the favor of the officer. The feeling shows itself plainly even where the latter is both unjust and intellectually inferior to the man he commands; but if he be capable and kind, the former soon learns to take from him his opinions as unquestioningly as he does his orders.

For this reason voting in the army can in no proper sense of the word be free; but neither, also, can it be intelligent. For wanting in the army are all the means of investigation which in the conflict of opposing views enable men to form dispassionate conclusions. The well-being of an army, especially when it is largest, and therefore most dangerous to the liberty of the state, demands that it should be under the complete control of its leaders. These will naturally, at least in long-continued wars, be selected as far as possible on account of their sympathy with the executive. It is an absolute necessity that their orders should be obeyed without remonstrance or complaint; it is a positive advantage even that the opinions they hold should be held by all below them. Everything which would create a spirit of discontent and disaffection must be summarily crushed. And the judgment of the commander must in such a case be the ultimate rule; not that it is necessarily the best rule, but that it is the only general one that can safely be followed. It is his undoubted right to prevent any discussion which he deems calculated to impair the efficiency of the force at his command. It is his undoubted right to prohibit the circulation of journals and documents the tendency of which he thinks will be to lessen enthusiasm or breed distrust of the executive and of the policy, civil or military, that has been adopted. He may in consequence consent to the introduction of the political papers of one party and prohibit the introduction of those of another. These things may be absolutely necessary to preserve unimpaired the *morale* of the army. Even if the expediency of such measures in a given case be denied, the right of taking such measures cannot be successfully gainsayed. But it is absurd to say that any one can vote intelligently under such circumstances. It is still more absurd to say that a man votes intelligently or freely who rarely has opportunities to read, and when he has them is permitted to read but one side; who never hears the other spoken of except with derision and contempt; who finds the whole stream of

public sentiment about him flowing one way; and who, if he goes in a direction contrary to it, subjects himself to suspicion and disfavor, if not to evils of a more positive character.

In addition to this there are practical difficulties connected with the subject which have never yet been surmounted. No law has yet been devised in any State in which the suffrage has been given to its citizens in military service that did not leave room for the commission of the grossest frauds; it is safe to say that no such law can be devised. The voting must necessarily take place at stations outside of the State and generally remote from it; it must frequently be done in the midst of the hurry and tumult of active operations; it can never be entrusted wholly to sworn civil officers, acting in strict accordance with law, but must be more or less under the control of officers of the army, independent of the State and accountable only to the General Government. Ballots must be transmitted through the hands of irresponsible persons, any one of whom may substitute others not only with but little fear of detection, but with little fear of punishment if detected. Every safeguard by which legislation has striven to preserve the purity of the franchise is thrown down; and, as human nature is, the inevitable tendency is to inaugurate a system of fraud, alongside of which the stuffing of ballot-boxes, as practised of old in the lower wards of New York, would be purity itself.

And the army also would suffer from such a state of things. If in it voting were free and intelligent and the proper measures taken to keep it so, the discipline would soon come to be as poor as the debates were good. So great an evil could be trusted to work its own cure; but evils almost as great would result from the participation of officers in the action of parties. A brilliant fighter would be held in less repute than a shrewd political thimble-rigger. Men would be promoted not for services in the field, but for services at conventions. For if the army goes into politics, politicians will go into the army. Captains will make sure of party influence to intrigue against colonels, and colonels against generals. Unpopular commanders, no matter how competent, will be sent out of the way to remote stations. Heart-burnings and jealousies will unavoidably arise when successful wire-pulling gains positions due to the honest devotion to legitimate duty. The unity and efficiency of the army will not only be weakened, but a deep distrust of the army itself, threatening its very existence, will spring up in the minds of all thoughtful and patriotic men. For no free people can safely permit its soldiers to make use of their position, or even of the mere influence of their position, to affect its legislation. If there was anything more worthy of respect than the high sentiments of honor entertained by the old regular officers, it was the studious care with which they refrained from connecting themselves with parties. The civil war, which unsettled where it did not overthrow all established opinions and habits of thought and action, unsettled this also; and the pointed rebuke of General Grant in a recent letter, in which he says he sees with regret the action of any officer taking a conspicuous part in the political dissensions of the day, came not a moment too soon to correct an evil which, under the encouragement of the executive, has begun to assume alarming proportions. Nor is it enough that the army should be refused the right to vote; it should not be allowed even the right to petition. For a petition from men who carry in their hands swords and muskets, no matter how humble and respectful the terms in which it is conveyed, has in its possibilities all the nature of a threat. And let it not be imagined that because the evils here spoken of have not yet shown themselves, or have shown themselves but partially, that they will never show themselves at all. In time of safety it is especially incumbent on us not to create precedents which may be followed in time of danger to the overthrow of our liberties. These evils have resulted in other lands in the destruction of free institutions; they may, under like conditions, be expected to produce the same result in our land. Personal purity on the part of the executive may retard for a while their coming; it cannot prevent their coming at last. The events of the past few months warn every man that a free people cannot be too jealous of its liberties. Those who see what Andrew Johnson is may be allowed to look back with a feeling of relief when they think what, under other circumstances, Abraham Lincoln, with a vast army at his command, might have been.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, Oct. 5, 1866.

THE dead season of London is beginning to pass away. Nothing, indeed, can well look more cheerless externally than London does at the present moment, under the grey dismal sky which has lasted through our so-called summer. But human life is beginning to stir again beneath our monotonous shroud of mist and coal-smoke. Men are returning by degrees from Continental rambles, from Alpine climbs, from Norway salmon-rivers, and from Scotch moors. And as they return they seem to be taking up with fresh eagerness several of the controversies which were opened without being concluded in the late exciting Parliamentary session. There is quite an animating dispute already aroused by the prospect of Gov. Eyre's proposed indictment for murder. Considerable sums have been subscribed on both sides. The Jamaica Committee have taken counsel's opinion, and are, I believe, determined to bring the case to an issue. Meanwhile, Sir Samuel Baker has reopened the everlasting discussion as to the virtues and vices of the negro race, in some letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette*. His recent experience in the Central African discoveries for which he has been lately knighted, gives him a certain apparent authority in pronouncing the negro to be a good deal nearer to the gorilla than to the white man. He writes well, as his very interesting book of travels testifies, and expresses very strong opinions without losing his temper. He has, however, a dexterous opponent in Jacob Omnim, one of the most skilful and irritating, if not one of the most profound, of our newspaper controversialists. The whole dispute seems, I must say, rather irrelevant to the question whether Gov. Eyre was justified in hanging Mr. Gordon; for even Sir S. Baker will hardly maintain that negroes are so bad as to justify their summary execution under all circumstances, whether justly or not. But the feeling already excited gives some foretaste of the extreme party bitterness that will probably be generated in the course of Gov. Eyre's prosecution. Another question, which has been long half slumbering, is that of Parliamentary reform. Mr. Bright has been speaking, with his usual eloquence, to enthusiastic meetings in the north of England. It is somewhat difficult to determine the exact value of the demonstrations. The newspapers have been contradicting each other's facts and figures in a manner which makes one sceptical as to the credibility of all contemporary history. A mass meeting was to be held at Manchester some days back. According to the *Times* no less than 200,000 persons attended. According to the *Standard* there were 15,000. The other papers varied in their estimates between these limits, suggesting 40,000, 100,000, or 150,000—pretty much at random. I believe that, to accommodate the greatest number mentioned, some half-dozen people must have been standing upon every square foot of space, so that it may, perhaps, be rejected as improbable. One would like to know after this what sort of reliance can be placed upon the estimates of the number, for example, of Xerxes' army, made at a time when there were no newspaper correspondents, and handed down only by tradition. The most intelligent account that I have seen of the meeting was contained in a letter to the *Spectator* from an eye witness. According to him the open-air meeting, which took place on a very rainy day—as, indeed, it could not well take place this year on any other than a rainy day—was a failure. A subsequent meeting, however, held in the Free Trade Hall, and addressed by Mr. Bright, was more genuinely enthusiastic. No meeting, indeed, addressed by one whom even his enemies allow to be distinctly the greatest of living English orators, can well fail in enthusiasm. The dead hush which falls even upon Tory members of the House of Commons when Mr. Bright rises, is a striking proof of his power over bitter opponents; and in a large popular assembly he is certain to carry every one away with him. Without any artificial stimulus, however, it seems to be plain that the artisan class in our northern districts are rousing themselves to demand an extension of the suffrage, and they supply an admirable fulcrum for political agitation.

There is, however, a considerable difficulty in the way. The people at large will not be much stirred without a prospect of some really extensive change. Nothing very far short of household or manhood suffrage will evoke the determined spirit necessary to overcome the dead weight of settled opinions and vested interests. The bill introduced by Mr. Gladstone last session, which proposed only a very moderate enfranchisement, would have fallen altogether dead upon the country but for the false tactics of its opponents. Mr. Lowe, who is an admirably polished speaker, if not a great orator, but who has a talent for saying the wrong thing with so much point as to secure its being noticed, took occasion to make what was understood for a bitter attack upon the working classes. He endeavored, on seeing his mistake, to explain it away, and to declare that he hadn't called his poorer countrymen corrupt, drunken, ignorant, and worthless as a body. But such apologies are awkward things; it is nearly as

insulting to assure a man that you really did not mean exactly to call him a thief, as to admit boldly that you did. And, accordingly, Mr. Lowe's remarks have never been forgotten or forgiven. Such enthusiasm as the Government roused on their side was due far more to the indignation against this luckless sarcasm than to the eloquence of Mr. Gladstone or to Mr. Mill's philosophy. Had it not been for this unfortunate line of argument thus adopted, the trifling extension proposed by Mr. Gladstone would have roused no popular sympathy, and would have been safely rejected by the Conservatives. A much wider measure must be proposed by the leaders of the Liberal party next session, if they are to carry the popular feeling with them. On the other hand, the leaders are scarcely prepared for any such measure. Very few of the present members of Parliament—even of those who call themselves Liberals—would vote for anything approaching to what is demanded; nor are their present middle-class constituents particularly anxious to see themselves swamped by enfranchising large additional numbers, which would, to say nothing else, diminish the pecuniary value of a vote; and there thus seems to be a danger of a split between the two wings of the Liberal party.

Meanwhile, a very curious change has come over the political feelings of the upper classes, which will not be without influence upon the approaching struggle. I was absent from England for nearly three months this summer. When I went away the arguments urged against reform were still ringing in my ears. Mr. Lowe was indignantly asking why reform should be demanded when everything was absolutely perfect. The British Parliament, he said, was the most enlightened body in the universe, and had done more good in thirty years than had elsewhere been done in centuries; and the British Parliament not unnaturally applauded his remarks to the echo. The Tory newspapers heartily chimed in, and there seemed to be a very general consent that we were suffering from no real abuses, that whatever was was right, and that nothing except a pedantic desire to satisfy certain theoretical demands for symmetry had produced the reform agitation. I returned about three weeks ago, and found all this changed. The English nation is in a fit of self-humiliation; we are sitting in sackcloth and ashes; we can't find hard enough names to apply to ourselves. We have learnt from Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, if somewhat of a literary coxcomb, is at any rate a clever coxcomb, to call our middle classes "Philistines;" or, as I understand the term, to accuse them of being totally impenetrable to new ideas. Our lower classes are notoriously ignorant and drunken; and as for the higher classes, an aristocracy is, of course, an anachronism. I have read something like this before—if I am not mistaken, in foreign criticism of England—but it is rather singular to find it in such papers as the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall Gazette*, which represent the cynical optimism of comfortable men of the world. If, indeed, I am asked whether the English seriously believe themselves to be degraded beings, or even to be really inferior to any other nation whatever, I must answer in the negative. At the bottom of our hearts there lurks a profound conviction of our own merits. But we are undeniably out of temper, and, for the moment at least, out of conceit with ourselves. Several things have combined to produce this result. Thus, after preaching non-intervention for some time past, we are rather humiliated to find that in a European war no one asks or cares for our opinions. Then the marvellous success of Prussia has set us thinking as to its causes, and one is plainly to be found in the fact that every Prussian soldier is an educated man, and, therefore, individually superior to his Austrian opponent. This brings home to us the fact that the miserable dawdling about popular education in England may any day produce very serious results. Then the bungling of our naval authorities about armor-clad ships, and of our military authorities about breech-loaders, new artillery, and the difficulty of recruiting our army or getting any of its notorious defects really remedied, are not agreeable subjects of reflection, especially when looking at the remarkable efficiency of the Prussian system.

Besides our Continental outlook, we have been occupied with investigating two or three domestic abuses. The iniquitous practices in London workhouses and the frightful evils produced by the overcrowding of the poor, and just now aggravated by new railways and other alterations, have fairly startled us into discontent. All these abuses and various others have suddenly become topics of discussion, and they have given a rude shock to our habitual state of complacency. It does not, indeed, follow that they would be remedied by parliamentary reform. But at present every proposal to do something seems to come to a stop; Parliament can't be induced to stir itself to energetic action; every agitation gets choked by vested interests, and gradually brought to a dead-lock, and this may be plausibly explained as a not unnatural result of leaving legislation entirely in the hands of what may be called the naturally contented classes. Some people think

that an infusion of democracy would put a little more vigor into our constitution, and others are anxious to see the reform question definitely settled, if only that we may put it aside and get something else really done instead of eternally discussed. This feeling is favorable to some decided action. Another series of revelations has told in the same direction. Commissions have been sitting on the corrupt practices in boroughs at the late election, and are still bringing out their monotonous tales of bribery. In certain towns, Lancaster, for example, Totnes, and Yarmouth, the buying and selling of votes seem to have been carried on as systematically and almost as openly as the buying and selling of potatoes. The value of a vote varies, and, of course, is larger in a small constituency. In Totnes, with a constituency of under four hundred, I believe that they reached as much as £80 or £90. Some voters of exceptionally high morality would vote a little cheaper for their own party than for their antagonists; and, on the other hand, some would succeed in taking bribes from both. A gentleman the other day complained of the price demanded by one of his constituents; the voter explained that dissolutions of Parliament had been lately at such long intervals that he could not afford to take less, but that if annual Parliaments could be introduced he would be happy to lower his terms. What is the remedy for this state of things—whether the law should be made stricter, or constituencies increased, or the ballot introduced—has been discussed without much hope of a solution, for there is an obvious difficulty in detecting a crime which both sides have so much interest in concealing, and which is not stigmatized by public opinion with any real severity. Meanwhile, it is to be remarked that this system only upsets particular boroughs; in Scotland no election has ever been attacked on the ground of bribery; in the largest constituencies it is, of course, impracticable from the expense, and it is thus unknown in most of the great towns and in the counties. That the evil is a very serious one is undeniable; but its partial distribution gives some hope that, by vigorous measures, it may be exterminated. Only, will a Parliament so many members of which have bought their seats consider the buying or selling a very heinous crime? The scandal which has been produced certainly tells in favor of some kind of reform, and Tory papers, in order to evade the argument, have been actually defending corruption on principle.

The Social Science Congress, which has just met at Manchester, will doubtless pour out a Niagara of eloquence upon these and fifty other subjects. That such meetings do good is untenable. It is equally undeniable that they are wonderful gathering places for bores of every description. An overwhelming amount of pseudo-philosophy is discharged by persons who are so glad to get some one to listen to them that they will pay for it by listening in turn. Still, an accumulation of discussion upon such topics is ultimately useful, and many men of real ability are induced to attend. The Social Science Association has been rather unlucky in its officers. Poor Lord Brougham has at last abandoned the presidency. He was elected for the first year, and was somehow or other converted or converted himself from an annual to a perpetual president; no one caring to complain of a transaction which was not exactly constitutional. It has been extremely painful to witness his performance. Notwithstanding his once marvellous vigor of mind and body, he has been quite unable to do his work effectively. It is melancholy to see an old man induced by an inordinate desire for flattery to exhibit his infirmities by keeping upon the stage after he should in decency have retired. A few flashes of his old fire have broken out at intervals; but, on the whole, he is too evidently a feeble old man, who ought to be quietly resting upon previous well-won laurels instead of attending public meetings to beg for cheap applause. He is still president of the legal section, but has been succeeded as general president by Lord Shaftesbury. Lord Shaftesbury has long been a butt for all the ridicule popularly directed against the extreme evangelical party. Theologically he belongs to the narrowest of sects; and it is rather puzzling that he should be president of a body which admits that social arrangements can in any sense be the effect of science. His last public declaration was to the effect that that very popular, if not very powerful, book "Ecce Homo" was "vomited from the jaws of hell;" and he has the credit of having nominated Lord Palmerston's bishops, appointments which induced the *Record*, the extreme evangelical paper, to call Lord Palmerston "the man of God." Lord Shaftesbury is one of those gentlemen who would prefer to meet the cholera by praying to meeting it by fresh supplies of water. However, he is, I have no reason to doubt, a genuinely humane man. His opening address, if not very scientific, was very benevolent. He pointed out with much feeling the various evils of ignorance, overcrowding, and mismanagement; though he was not very successful in suggesting remedies. What was rather significant as coming from a nobleman of his narrow school, he adverted to the approach of democracy as inevitable, and hoped, though he did not expect, that it would bring some benefits to counter-

balance its unutterable evils. The effect of Lord Shaftesbury's really humane efforts for the good of the poor in London and elsewhere has been rather spoilt by certain revelations as to the state of the peasantry upon his estates, which are situated in the most backward part of England—Dorsetshire. There is an ill-spelt, ungrammatical letter from a laborer of that district in this morning's *Star*, complaining of the hopeless ignorance in which he and his like are left. They leave school, he says, at nine years old to labor in the fields, and forget what little they had learnt. "There is not more," he says, "than six daily newspapers read, and not more than twenty weeklies among the laborers of St. Giles and Handley. Present wages 7s. to 10s. per week." The total population of these two hamlets is about 1,700. However, it is something that they are beginning to read newspapers at all, and still more that they are beginning to write to newspapers. Lord Shaftesbury will do well to help in remedying the evils which lie at his own door, and if he does it effectually he need have no reason to fear "democracy."

PARIS GOSSIP.

PARIS, Oct. 5, 1866.

THE brief ray of sunshine which, a week ago, encouraged the hope that we had seen the worst of the inundations having been followed by a fresh outpouring of the celestial buckets, great anxiety again prevails in relation to the probabilities of trouble for the coming autumn. An early and rigorous winter is predicted by the meteorological wiseacres, and partially confirmed by the movements of the birds, which interesting class of animated creatures seems to be migrating unusually early and in unusual numbers, many species not usually given to travel joining in the movement. Thus, a few days ago, the steamer that plies between Dieppe and Newhaven was overtaken, when about half-way across, by what seemed at first to be a dark cloud, but which, as it neared the boat, was seen to be a dense mass of almost all kinds of common English birds—sparrows, tomtits, crows, martins, wrens, magpies, etc.—which dropped on the deck with every appearance of extreme weariness, literally covering every part of the steamer, and seeming, in their satisfaction at finding something to rest upon, to have become suddenly tame, allowing themselves to be caressed and taken up by the passengers, and showing no desire to renew their journey. On nearing shore, however, they flew away, having rested their wings, and apparently impatient to find themselves once more among woods and fields.

The bad weather has sent so many of the wealthier classes back to the capital that the fashionable thoroughfares now present a more animated appearance than is usual at this season. The *Italiens* has reopened with Patti; the *Grand Opera* is giving "L'Africaine" and "Les Huguenots"; the *Français* is playing stock pieces while rehearsing more important productions for the coming season; and all the other theatres are bringing out novelties more or less attractive. The appearance of the "Parisians in London" is drawing such crowds to the Porte St. Martin that only a fraction of the eager applicants for tickets can be accommodated; and as the weather is atrocious, those who fail to get in go away in no very amiable mood. One of the latter, who has had a rheumatic attack through standing in the rain for two hours at the door of the theatre in question, is writing to the papers on the subject, and proposes, in order to obviate the frequent disappointment to parties who, after standing for half the evening in the *queue*, arrive at the door only to learn that the places they wish are let already, that each theatre shall be compelled to place over its door a frame containing a large sheet of ground glass, lighted from behind, divided into as many compartments as there are classes of seats in the theatre. The name of one of these classes, "first boxes," "second boxes," "orchestra," "pit," etc., is to be painted in large letters on each compartment, and a set of movable cyphers is to be attached to each, indicating the number of places still remaining unlet in each class of seats; and as soon as the last of any class of seats has been taken, a movable board is to be slid over the portion of the frame corresponding to that particular class. In this way the persons stationed in the *queue* would be kept *au courant* of the state of the house; and those who see the fatal board indicating "full" slid across the class of seat they wish for, would at once relinquish their attempt to get in, and would thus be spared a longer exposure to the fatigue and annoyance of standing at the door.

The four most fortunate playwrights of Paris at this period are undoubtedly Ponsard, Angier, Dumas, Jr., and Victorien Sardou. Judgments may differ in respect of their qualities and merits; but their *vogue* is incontestable. Whenever either of these favorite wielders of the dramatic pen brings out a new piece it is absolutely certain that all Paris will rush, like a flock of sheep, to see it. Consequently, every piece they bring out is sure to add a new leaf to their laurels and to bring a handsome addition to their banker's account. But few arrive at this

summit of popular favor without passing through a long period of obscurity and undergoing all the mortification of neglect and poverty. Victorien Sardou, the latest of the four fortunate climbers just named, has purchased his elevation even more dearly than the other three. Like Félicien David, who, through so many years of obscurity and privation, could find no one to listen to his music, and who, on the verge of starvation, esteemed himself happy in selling his exquisite melody, "Les Hirondelles," for twenty-five francs, Sardou would often have been thankful to exchange one of his manuscripts for a score of dinners; but, happier than the author of "Le Désert" and so many others, he succeeded in winning the favor of the fickle goddess before the coming on of the inevitable winter, and though he has waited long he is still a young man, having but just reached his thirty-sixth year. When just twenty he brought out, at the Odeon, a drama, in verse, called "La Taverne," that was hissed off the stage. Instead of renouncing his vocation and seeking another career, he continued to write. Each new play, as he finished writing it, he offered to all the leading theatres, and, when it had been refused by them all, he numbered it and put it quietly away in a pigeon-hole of his desk. For seven years he worked on thus. Each year he wrote a play, offered it to all the theatres, saw it refused by all, put it away in a pigeon-hole, and set himself forthwith to write another. Meantime, being as poor as a church-mouse, he lived as he could, copying manuscript for lawyers, giving lessons in French, in philosophy; in fact, neglecting no chance of "earning an honest penny." At last he found a manager willing to accept one of his works, the public acclaimed the production and its author, and from that hour his life has been a succession of successes. "Pattes de Mouche," "Mademoiselle de la Seiglière," "Les Femmes Fortes," "Nos Intimes," "Les Vieux Garçons," and "La Famille Benoîton" have successively lifted their fortunate author higher and higher in the estimation of the public, until he may fairly contest the palm of popularity with the younger Dumas. He is rich, courted, flattered; and lives with his wealthy and accomplished wife, in his beautiful chateau at Marly, an object of the keenest and bitterest envy to his less fortunate rivals. His new play, "Nos bons Villageois," brought out two nights ago at the Gymnase, received an ovation, and bids fair to maintain fully the popularity of its brilliant author, and on the same evening another play of his was read and accepted at the Gaité.

Another prominent member of the literary world of Paris, who seems, after many years of the tribulations incident to that world, to have reached the summit of his ambition, is M. Jules Sandeau, who has just been named to that envied post of local influence and glory, the chancellorship of the French Academy. M. Sandeau began life modestly. His father, a petty government official in a little town of the Berry, sent him to Bourges to pursue his studies in the college of that ancient but sleepy ex-capital of the region. In one of his vacations the young student saw and fell in love with a charming young woman—Aurore Dudevant—who had been married, against her will, in her thirteenth year, to an old, close-fisted, curmudgeonous country squire, and who fell in love with him in return, and followed him to Paris, disguised as a student, when he left Bourges to finish his law studies in the metropolis. Here the two young people, having hired a garret, set themselves to work to find means for their housekeeping. The "Revolution of July" had given a new impetus to the movement of ideas; the air was full of romanticism; Lamartine and Victor Hugo were the "rage" of the day. The student allowed his law-books, which brought him no money, to become dusty, and took to writing articles for the journals, which offered the advantage of being paid for on the spot. Aurore copied out these productions, and painted flowers which she disposed of at a neighboring shop. At this period the great object of the student's ambition was to be able to go to see one of Victor Hugo's plays, in a fine velvet coat, while the dream of Aurore was to compass, for the same occasion, the acquisition of a beautiful turban of the same material, with a drooping plume, imitated from a costume of the fifteenth century.

"What if I should try and write something?" suggested Aurore, one day when they had been discussing the ways and means of getting the desired garments. "Let us try our hands at a story!" exclaimed the future author of "Marianna," so they sketched out the plot of a novel, which they worked at jointly, and which, published under the pseudonym of "Jules Sand," is now well known as "Rose et Blanche." Having thus broken the ice, Aurore soon found herself capable of driving the quill unaided; and, having adopted as her *nom de plume* a modification of that adopted by the student, entered resolutely on the career of authorship which has brought so much money and such wide renown to George Sand.

The inmates of the garret were able ere long to install themselves in a less elevated nest; but the days of privation were not yet over for either. The friends of Aurore affirm that she only left Jules when the latter had

wearied out the devotion lavished upon him by an affection which his less poetic nature failed to measure or to understand, and tell of days and nights of poverty and effort through which the young mother toiled and strove alone. At all events, the housekeeping was broken up, and the pair of adorers laid their adoration on other altars.

Jules Sandeau, having relinquished the law, and having a horror of politics, devoted himself to literature. He married a lady of some attainment and more ambition, who set her heart on seeing her husband, who is naturally somewhat indolent, distinguish himself in the path he had chosen; and so well has she succeeded in stimulating his activity, that literature has successively gained for him the cross of the Legion of Honor, a magnificent library, a pension, a seat in the Academy, and, to crown the list of advantages so dear to the French heart, the eminent and honorable post to which he has just been elected by his colleagues of that body.

An affair at once absurd and tragic has been a nine days' talk here. M. Sarcey, of the *Ecénement*, having published in that paper some remarks on M. de Girardin, of the *Liberté*, which the staff of the latter journal chose to resent as a personal affront to them all, M. Pessard, as the representative of their united anger, summoned M. Sarcey to retract or to fight. After a good deal of angry correspondence, published each day by the two papers, the principals in the quarrel went out to Vincennes with their swords and seconds. Just as the fight was coming off, one of M. Sarcey's seconds made a declaration to the effect that M. Sarcey, having no subject of quarrel with M. Pessard, could only fight with that gentleman as the representative of M. de Girardin, the only person referred to in the incriminated article. On this M. Pessard's friends declared the duel to be impossible, and they all thereupon went back to Paris. The two batches of seconds published their account of the business. M. de Girardin published a note stating that he had been kept ignorant of the intended duel, which he deplored and blamed, and wound up, after giving his reasons for considering duelling to be a barbarism, a folly, and a crime, by exclaiming, "Why, alas! was this not always my conviction?"—an allusion to the fatal result of his duel, in the commencement of his editorial career, with the regretted editor of the *Nation* (Armand Carrel), which homicide has weighed heavily and remorsefully ever since on the mind of the ex-editor of *La Presse*. The Parisians devoured each new epistle and laughed maliciously at the idea of the angry writers who had gone out to Vincennes only to come back as they went. But the quarrel had become so envenomed by the comments of the public that, after a fresh exchange of angry notes, the party went off a day or two since, for the second time, to Vincennes, fully determined this time to fight it out, and so silence the laughers. The duel accordingly took place, according to the laws and usages of Christian and civilized society, the principals hacking at one another with their swords until M. Sarcey received a cut over one eye, when the seconds interfered, declared that "the demands of honor were satisfied for both parties," and put an end to the encounter. A precious parody on this ridiculous and reprehensible proceeding was enacted, it appears, on the same day, by a couple of tilers, who, having got up a quarrel as they were mending the roof of a house in the Rue du Temple, set to work to fight one another on that precarious footing. Their furious yells having attracted the attention of the passers, the alarm was soon given, and a body of policemen appeared on the scene; and while the two infuriated adversaries were belaboring one another, watched breathlessly by the horrified crowd below, who were in momentary expectation of seeing them topple over and be dashed to pieces on the pavement, the police contrived, with no little difficulty and danger to themselves, to get out upon the roof and to secure the two men, who were marched off, without further ceremony, to the nearest police court, and forthwith very properly committed to prison.

STELLA.

HOW NOT TO ESTABLISH AN AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE.

THE act of Congress giving "public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," was passed July 2, 1862—more than four years ago. At the session of the Massachusetts Legislature in 1863 an act to incorporate the trustees of the Massachusetts Agricultural College was passed, naming fourteen persons, selected from all parts of the State, as trustees, and providing that four other persons should be *ex-officio* members of said corporation. The charter required that \$75,000 should be raised, by subscription or otherwise, for the erection of buildings. Thereupon the trustees caused it to be made known that bids would be received from the towns of the commonwealth for the location of the college. Five towns bid for the privilege; the town of Amherst, which offered \$50,000 towards the required \$75,000, won, and the col-

lege was duly located there by the purchase of more than 300 acres of land. According to the wise conditions of the act of Congress, only one-tenth of the money realized by a State from the sale of its land-scrip can be applied to the purchase of a farm, and none of the money can be spent for buildings. The trustees paid for the farm at least \$6,000 more than can ever be realized from the sale of one-tenth of the scrip; thus practically running in debt in their very first transaction. In November, 1864, a president of the college was chosen, and his salary was fixed at \$3,000 a year. At the close of the year 1865, \$110,864 had been realized from the sale of 136,480 acres, at about 81 cents an acre. There remained unsold 223,520 acres. During the current year it has not been possible to get much over 50 cents an acre for the land, and Massachusetts has sold very little scrip. A considerable portion of the whole fund goes to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology for the cultivation of the mechanic arts spoken of in the act of Congress, so that the trustees of the Agricultural College cannot rely on an income of more than \$8,500 a year from invested funds wherewith to carry on both farm and college. An engineer was employed to make a complete plan of the farm, and to recommend an advantageous arrangement thereof. Soon after a landscape gardener of reputation was taken into consultation, and, not satisfied with the suggestions of these two gentlemen, the trustees employed a third professional landscape architect to give them advice concerning the subdivision of the farm, and the site and form of the building or buildings. In accordance with that natural law which irresistibly impels all boards of trustees for learned and educational institutions to sink money in bricks and mortar, an architect was, of course, employed with instructions to plan a building on a scale commensurate with the magnificent hopes, and of a style which should accord with the taste and illustrate the dignity, of the Board of Trustees. To be sure, nobody had any means of knowing what was wanted; nobody knew how many students there might be, nor what kind of students, nor what they were to study. An agricultural school in this country is still an untried experiment, and no one can safely prophesy its needs so far as to erect a building to-day which shall certainly satisfy the wants of such a school for twenty years. Nevertheless, the architect had no difficulty in producing plans of a tall, straight, imposing structure, which would cost, according to the estimates, anywhere from 33 to 100 per cent. more money than the trustees had for building purposes, according as a larger or a smaller scale, and more or less ornamentation, should be decided upon. With more than the usual discretion manifested in such cases, the trustees decided upon the building which was estimated to cost only one-third more money than they had in hand to spend upon it; the estimates were undoubtedly about as near the real cost as the estimates which induce people to begin building generally are.

But now a difficulty arose. The landscape architects gave the trustees very sound advice against building the proposed structure and against placing it where the trustees had voted to place it. They argued that a building, tall enough for the middle of a city where land is worth \$50 a foot, was somewhat inappropriate on the broad fields of a farm, and that jails, lunatic asylums, and the like were not the best models for the buildings of an agricultural college. They even went so far as to suggest that a building was not the sum and substance of the proposed college, but rather quite a subordinate part of a wise general plan, and that it would be better to erect small, modest buildings, one after another, as needs became clearly known, rather than to load an experimental and not too rich institution with a large, unmanageable, and inappropriate structure of stone.

The official trustee mind, however, proved quite incapable of assimilating these wholesome ideas. They rejected the counsels of their engineer and their two landscape architects and adhered to their grand building. A large part of the citizens of Amherst who had voted the town money to the infant college, and had thereby acquired a right to offer their advice upon all questions touching its welfare, petitioned in favor of the imposing structure, which they undoubtedly thought would affect, more favorably than smaller buildings could, the price of the surrounding lands. The first president of the college, who had moved to Amherst, taken charge of the farm, and managed all the business affairs of the corporation with shrewdness and sagacity, finding himself entirely unable to agree with the views of the board of trustees, hampered and jealously criticised in all his undertakings, and not liking the prospect before him, has just resigned. Meanwhile certain citizens of Amherst, who had never relished the idea of being taxed to pay for a college edifice within the limits of the town, procured an injunction against the payment of the \$50,000 promised from the town treasury. The suit which grew out of this procedure is still pending in the courts.

What, then, are the results of the four years which have elapsed since Congress made this grant to Massachusetts? A college has been incorporated

and a board of trustees appointed. These trustees have bought a farm at a price beyond their means; they have entered into an entangling alliance with the town of Amherst; they have flown in the face of the best attainable professional advice concerning the arrangement of their farm and the nature and site of their buildings; they have decided to erect an unsuitable edifice whose *estimated* cost is much larger than the whole amount of their building funds; they have brought about the resignation of the only man who has really advanced the business of the college; they have never matured any plan of instruction, never appointed a single teacher, never had a single pupil, and never tried an agricultural experiment.

As we pointed out in an article on this subject in August last, this experience is by no means singular. Similar results invariably follow when the organization and direct management of the affairs of any educational or benevolent undertaking at all novel in its character are directly undertaken by a large board of trustees or directors. The trustees of Girard College, for instance, with a princely endowment under their control, quarrelled among themselves during a period of nearly thirty years, forcing an invaluable executive officer to resign, wasting great opportunities, and defrauding a whole generation of advantages to which it was entitled, before they were able to do any good. The constitution of the Massachusetts Agricultural College is precisely such an one as would have been drawn for it by a man skilled in such matters had he desired to dishearten all its sincere friends, secure its ultimate failure, and make the plan of education which it was designed to test odious to the public. In such cases, it is needless to say, there is no remedy to be found except by a prompt return to the legislative port, a thorough overhauling, and a new departure.

Fine Arts.

RISTORI.

SINCE our last writing Madame Ristori has appeared in two of her "great parts"—*Phædra* and *Judith*. In the former she is famous as the reputed rival of Rachel the peerless. French criticism is answerable, of course, for this reputation; for that is all the criticism we have had. But the French critics are inconstant. They were particularly so towards Rachel. At the time of Ristori's appearance in Paris, Rachel was unpopular; her detractors were the majority. The journalists who had written her up were industriously writing her down. It was a convenience, at such a moment, to be able to produce an actress, of irreproachable virtue and eminent talent, who possessed at once the courage and the faculty to dispute the supremacy of the great tragedienne in her own domain. Such courage and faculty Ristori possessed; and the critics set themselves at work to secure her victory. It is clear that a verdict given under such circumstances carries no judicial weight, and that the case must still lie over for trial on its merits. But even if the verdict were rendered less capriciously, it should not forestall criticism from other quarters. Though every dramatic critic in Paris pronounced Ristori the peer of Rachel in *Phædra*, we should most emphatically dissent from the opinion, not on the ground that Ristori's conception of the character was unlike Rachel's, for no one actor or actress has the monopoly of a rôle, or the right to decide which conception is or is not the just one; the question does not touch the comparative merits of the two actresses, but the actual merits of one. We do not find fault with Ristori that she is not Rachel; we complain that she is not *Phædra*. With great beauty and skill she represents a woman gorgeously appalled "as in kings' houses," burning with an incestuous passion which she knows to be guilty, but can neither suppress nor conceal; torn with conflicting emotions of humiliation, rage, and remorse, allowing her rage to overmaster her, but finally dying of her remorse. She represents this with great breadth and power and brilliancy of treatment, as a richly endowed Italian woman might. But this is all that she represents. She is not *Phædra*, the daughter of Minos, the descendant of the gods; she is not the wife of the godlike Theseus; she is not a queen of the heroic age of Greece; she is not so much as a Greek woman. Nothing, save her dress, suggested, as we saw her, a fragment of classical history. The dignity, the reserve, the simplicity of nature, the mental and moral limitation, the severe intensity of feeling, were all wanting. Ristori was, from first to last, a modern Italian—a modern Italian lady trying to make amends for her natural incapacity to identify her pure and noble self with such a monstrous creature by an affluence of gesticulation and an excess of posturing that was kept from being painful only by her immense physical resources and her good taste.

Madame Ristori is wanting in passion. It may seem a strange thing to

say, but we are persuaded that she is. As compared with Rachel, she is positively cold. She interests, but she does not thrill. Her violent emotions are simulated; her vehement passion is not, even through imagination, her own; she cannot so fill her soul with an uncongenial spirit that whether she be moving or standing still she makes it felt. In "Elizabeth" she was more successful, because the passion there was sudden and superficial; it was ordinary love, hate, or pride; but her *Phædra* was quite destitute of that intense concentration of thought and emotion by which spectators are held spell-bound. She creates but a feeble sense of inward suffering or sorrow. Rachel could stand motionless and freeze people or melt them at will. This magnetism of genius her rival does not possess; and, not possessing it, she falls short of the highest attainment in her art. She may be a broader actress than Rachel, more exuberant, more various, more demonstrative, and, to the unintellectual, more affecting; but the pure imagination that calls characters into being she has not; and her power to identify herself with characters that are given to her ready-made must be limited to such as come easily within reach of a mind neither very sympathetic nor very poetical. In a word, we call in question the originality of her gifts. As we have intimated, her acting in "Phædra" was overdone; the demonstrations of passion were all redundant; her attitudes were sometimes conventional; there was too little discrimination in her expressions of emotion. Several times, not looking at the text of the play, we mistook wholly the character of the feeling she intended to delineate. We perceived nothing of this in "Mary Stuart" or "Elizabeth," probably because in those pieces the emotions spring from obvious situations; whereas in "Phædra" they burst out from the recesses of a soul whose black abysses are hidden from her.

Judith is a much nobler, purer, more translucent character than *Phædra*, and is calculated to stir a soul like Ristori's to its depths. We had, therefore, a finer performance—every way more natural, more sympathetic, more earnest. In detached passages it was all that could be desired, and yet—it must again be said—her conception of *Judith* was palpably inadequate. The play delineates her as a devotee, a prophetess, and a heroine—in short, as a Hebrew Jean Darc. We picture to ourselves the solitary enthusiast transfigured in face and form by prayer, chastened by sorrow, lifted above the ground by meditation, which gives an unearthly beauty to her countenance, saintly and sainted in the regards of the people, beyond reach of mortal desire or mortal affection, mingling the thought of God's blessedness with the dream of her country's deliverance, and consecrating herself to her deed of murder as to a holy work that heaven must bless. Ristori told us little of this. She was a chaste, tender, devout, pitiful woman, who was distressed for her people, and nerved herself to deliver them, as did the heroines of old in her own nation. But she was an Italian woman in all but her beautiful Eastern dress. The rapt enthusiast, the seeress who felt herself and was felt to be inspired, was not prominent in her representation. Her first appearance was very lovely and gracious, but it was not the apparition of a daughter of the Hebrews saturated with heroic feeling, haunted by a dream of her destiny, and groping about in the dark for the clue to guide her towards it. There was too much of coquetry in her manner as she gazed on her wedding garments and looked at her face in the mirror. In the tent of Holofernes she relied more on her woman's tact to protect her from insult than on her majesty of soul or the strength of her divine calling, and the long premeditated deed is done at last on a hidden impulse of resolve, as one might execute a desperate purpose, rather than as the performance of a solemn act of sacrifice, the neglect of which would have been a sin against her country, her soul, and heaven. All through there was too much demonstration of passion and too little passion, too much simple, ordinary humanity, too much that was feminine in the modern sense; in one brief moment only, when she kindled at the recital of the ancient Bible story, did she reveal that unearthly superhuman illumination, that divine exaltation, amounting to ecstasy, which must have marked the Hebrew girl of that heroic period. Ristori could not go back into that distant land and that remote epoch to recover the shadowy image, so impalpable to a fancy like hers. She did the best she could, she did vastly better than any living actress probably could do; she gave an exquisite picture of gentleness and pity and high resolve, but she did not give us the heroic successor of Judean Miriams and Deborahs.

In making these deductions from Ristori's claim to genius, we do not abate in the least our enthusiastic praise of her commanding histrionic talent. With the one exception that is in everybody's thoughts, she surpasses any actress that has appeared in America, in every kind of excellence, and that solitary exception we have alluded to surpassed her in that single quality of sympathetic conception. In other respects, in sweetness, tenderness, lightness, affluence of fancy, variety of expression, the Italian is the French woman's peer.

Correspondence.

MOON'S ENGLISH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

"In the interests of literature," Mr. Moon writes again to the *Round Table* (in his own words) "to draw such lessons as I think may be useful to students of the English language." This is an awkward sentence, but I gather from it that he once more declares himself the great teacher of American youth. It is by this persistence in setting up such a claim that I am forced to show how incorrectly he writes.

His first sentence in his essay No. II. is this: "The conjunction 'or' is not always used to contrast things which differ essentially; it is sometimes used where the difference is [merely] nominal; and good writers generally indicate by one of the following methods the sense in which the word is to be understood." What word? "Or" is the only word to which he has called attention, but his illustrations show that he does not refer to that. It is somewhat difficult to determine what he intends to say, but I believe it is this: "And good writers generally indicate by one of the following methods whether the difference is essential or nominal."

Mr. Moon begins the explanations thus: "If, for the purpose of being more explicit, it is needful to speak of anything by an 'alias,' we [then] connect the names by 'or' simply." Let us try to do that. I say, "Boz wrote 'Sketches of Life and Character' for the London *Morning Chronicle*." In this sentence I speak of Charles Dickens by an alias. I speak of Van Dieman's Land by its alias in saying, "I am going to Tasmania." But in neither of these instances are these two names to be connected by "or" simply. Nor am I more explicit by using the alias "Tasmania" instead of "Van Dieman's Land." Plainly, therefore, Mr. Moon must have intended to say something else, and, probably, it was this: "If, for the purpose of being more explicit, it is needful to add the 'alias' to the name of anything (or, 'to speak of anything under two names'), we connect the names by 'or' simply."

In another sentence Mr. Moon ridicules one of Mr. Marsh's sentences because it contains *ninety-eight words*. This is hardly fair, since one of his own sentences, which I noticed last week, contains *one hundred and forty-six words*.

Mr. Moon writes: "When we speak of a noun, and describe it by two adjectives connected by a conjunction, it is proper to put the article before only the first of the two adjectives, and to say, for instance, 'a black and white horse,' etc." Is it not much better to say, "When we describe a noun by two adjectives," than to say, "When we speak of a noun, and describe it by two adjectives"?

But how singularly Mr. Moon uses that word "noun!" Ought he not to say, "When we describe a person or a thing"? Nouns may be either abstract, or common, or proper, or collective, and so on. But who ever heard of a *black and white noun*? Mr. Moon, I venture to say it, is the only one. He gives an instance of a noun described by two adjectives, and those adjectives are "black" and "white!" I have heretofore supposed that, in the expression "a black and white horse," we described as "black and white" the *animal* which we call a horse, but Mr. Moon says it is the *noun*, the *name* of the horse, which we describe as "black and white." O, Mr. Moon, do not say that "the interests of literature" demand that *nouns shall be black and white!*

S.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Oct. 20, 1866.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

I am glad to see some of your correspondents after Mr. Moon. He did well enough for Alford, who knew even less than himself, but after all he was never anything but green cheese, in whom conceit is naturally breeding maggots. I have not seen his article in the *Round Table*, but the notion of his undertaking to joust with a doughty old champion like Marsh is very amusing.

Yours, PHILLOGIST.

BOSTON, Oct. 19.

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